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P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

By the Late

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

VOLUME the THIRD, and LAST.

The THIRD EDITION.

To which is Prefixed

The LIFE of Mr. PRIOR,
By SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Esq;

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And sold by S. BIRT in Ave-Maria-Lane, and W. FEALES without Temple-Bar.

MDCCXXXIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM



To His GRACE

LIONEL, Duke of DORSET.

My Lord;

 R. Prior received so many Obligations from your Grace's Family, that, in Gratitude, he thought all the Productions of his Pen ought to be consecrated only to the Earl of Dorset.

As I was desired to be the Editor of the Remains of this inimitable Poet, I could not help think-

DEDICATION.

ing that I should be guilty of Injustice to his Memory, if they were adorned with any other than your Grace's Illustrious Name.

Some of the following Pieces were singly printed by Mr. *Prior*, after the Publication of his Folio Volume, Others were communicated by his Friends, to whom he had presented them; and the Rest have been selected from his original Manuscripts since his Decease.

As to the Productions which are Mr. *Prior*'s, I am persuaded they will be received with your Grace's peculiar Candour: but, I fear I have been guilty of too much Temerity in mixing any of my Performances with his immortal Muse. I can only say in my Defence, that I was tempted to perpetuate

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perpetuate them by an Opportunity so very favourable; and the Event will be equal to my utmost Wishes, should your Grace do me the Honour to think them not altogether unworthy of the Situation in which I have presumed to place them.

The other Pieces which compose this Miscellany, were kindly received at their first Publication, and it is the Opinion of good Judges, that they make no disagreeable Appearance in the Rank to which they are now assigned.

The Life of Mr. *Prior* is compiled out of the most authentic Particulars that could be obtained either from his Friends, or found among his Own Papers; but, of all the various Circumstances that com-

pose

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pose it, none can be so advantageous to his Memory as the Intimacy and Friendship with which he was honoured by your Grace's most noble Father.

I will not presume to detain your Grace any longer, than while I beg your Permission to lay this Collection at your Grace's Feet with all the Humility and Veneration with which I have the Honour to be,

My L O R D,

Your G R A C E ' s

Most Obedient,

and most Devoted

Hampstead,

Feb. 26, 17³/₄.

Humble Servant,

Samuel Humphreys.



THE P R E F A C E.

 N the Year 1718, Mr. Prior published his Works by Subscription, in one Volume in Folio, and met with that Encouragement which was justly due to his Merit. But in this Collection of his Poems, tho' he added several New Pieces, yet he omitted some very valuable Old Ones, particularly his First EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEP-HARD, Esq; which his great Modesty prevailed with him to withdraw, because in the Close of that Piece, a little Pleasantry was levelled at, his dear Friend, the Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq; late Earl of Halifax.

An ODE in Imitation of the SECOND ODE of HORACE, written by Him in the Year 1692, is likewise omitted, because he had made use of that Piece in his Carmen Sæculare. Tho' it is rather to be presumed, this Omission was obtained by the Persuasion of some Political Friends, who thought

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thought the Revival of this ODE a Panegyric too High for (A PRINCE above all *Panegyric*) the late King WILLIAM of Glorious and Immortal Memory.

VERSES to the Countess Dowager of DEVONSHIRE, upon a PIECE of WISSIN's, wherein were all her GRANDSONS Painted. (the last Performance of that Master) This Poem in his own Hand-writing, without taking a COPY of it, Mr. PRIOR, above Thirty Years ago, gave to his Friend ANTHONY HAMMOND, Esq; and to that Gentleman the Publice are obliged for its Publication.

The VERSES upon Lady CATHARINE HYDE, have been mistakenly applied by some Persons to another Hand; tho' who-ever will, in the least, but impartially consider, must allow, that the Easy Turn, and Epigrammatic Point, in those Performances, could be the Product of no other, than Mr. PRIOR's peculiar Pen; and it is hoped, that the Preservation of these PIECES, will be looked upon as an ACT of strict Justice to his Memory.

After the Publication of the Folio Edition of his Works, Mr. PRIOR printed, singly, Four POEMS, viz.

I. The

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I. The Conversation. A Tale.

II. COLIN's Mistakes. Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

III. VERSES Spoke to the Lady Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles-Harley, in the Library of St. John's-College, Cambridge, November the 9th, Anno Dom. 1719.

IV. PROLOGUE to the ORPHAN. Represented by some of the Westminster-Scholars, at Hickford's Dancing-Room, the 2d of February, 17¹⁹/₂. Spoken by the Lord DUPLIN.

As to the Posthumous Pieces of Mr. PRIOR, viz.

I. The TURTLE and the SPARROW, a Tale.

II. Down-Hall, a BALLAD. For this, the Public are indebted to Oliver Martin Esq; and it is printed from a Manuscript in the Hand-writing of Adrian Drift, Esq;

The Latin VERSES to Dr. SHAW, the English EPIGRAM on Dr. RADCLIFFE, and the SONG to Cloe, were sent from St. John's College, Cambridge, by an unknown Hand.

The VERSES on Bishop Atterbury's Burying the Duke of Buckinghamshire, were communicated by the Reverend Mr. Herbert.

Thus

P R E F A C E.

Thus hoping we have given an indisputable Account of every Piece in this Collection written by Mr. PRIOR, what other Performances are subjoined, to make this Volume of an equal Bulk with the Two former, We hope will not be unacceptable to the Reader, to whose candid Judgment we entirely submit them.

One thing, in Justice to our selves, we must observe; That not one Poem in this Collection is to be found in any other Miscellany whatever.

E R R A T A.

In Mr. PRIOR's LIFE,

Page v. Line 14, for those, read whole.
— xl— ult. — her, — their

In the POEMS.

Page 118, Line 3, for War, read Woe.

Ibid. — 12, — Night — Light,

— 119 — 25, — Thro' — Tho'.

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MEMOIRS



M E M O I R S

Of the L I F E of

Mr. P R I O R.



MATTHEW PRIOR Esq; was the Son of Mr. George Prior Citizen of London, by Trade a Joiner; and was born in that Metropolis in the Year 1664. His Father, tho' very industrious in his Business, was far from being fortunate in his Circumstances; and dying when his Son was Young, he left him to the Care of an Uncle, who discharged the Trust reposed in him, with a Tenderness truly paternal, as Mr. PRIOR constantly acknowledged with all the Gratitude of a generous Mind.

He received part of his Education at Westminster School, where, as Bishop Sprat relates of Mr. Cowley, he early obtained and increased the noble Genius peculiar to that Place. It was there that he began to disclose the amiable Talents he possessed, and so bright was the Dawn in which they first appeared, that it was natural to foresee their

Meridian would render him an Honour to his Country, and endear him to the greatest of his Contemporaries.

When he was very young he distinguished himself by several happy Flights in Poetry, which contributed not a little to his Reputation; particularly the fine Ode in his printed Poems, which he was obliged to write in 1688, as an Exercise for neglecting to be present one Morning at the Chapel-Service; and he acquitted himself so well on this Occasion, that the World would hardly have been angry with him had he been guilty of more Transgressions of the same Nature, and atoned for them by so polite and amiable a Penance.

As he had an uncommon Propensity to Learning and began to be intimate with the Ancients at an Age when few are acquainted with much more of them than their Names, it was with great Reluctance that he found himself obliged to leave a School, to whose Institutions he was hastening to give so much Reputation; but at the same time, he thought it his Duty to conform himself to the Inclinations of an Uncle who had treated him with so much Humanity, and who, as he was a Vintner, imagined Mr. PRIOR might be useful to him in his House and Trade. His Nephew accordingly consented to live with him, and by his Diligence, in a Calling very foreign to so extraordinary a Genius, endeavoured to make the best Returns he was then able to his kind Relation and Benefactor.

Mr. PRIOR, tho' he found sufficient Employment in this Situation, did not neglect to improve every vacant Hour he could enjoy, in entertaining himself with his favourite Classicks, especially the Poets. Of these, *Horace* was his greatest Darling, and without doubt he was sensible of some Similitude of Genius between that admirable Writer and himself, which prompted him to form his Taste for the Muses by such a compleat Model; and so indefatigably did he pursue his Studies in all Intermissions

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of his Uncle's Business, that the polite Part of the Company who resorted to the House were in a little time sensible that he deserved to shine in a better Sphere than that in which he appeared.

It happened, fortunately for Mr. PRIOR, that the late Earl of Dorset, that Prodigy of polite Wit and Generosity, frequently passed some agreeable Hours with his Friends at this Tavern; and being one Day there with several Gentlemen of Rank, the Discourse turned upon one of the Odes of Horace; and the Company being divided in their Sentiments of a Passage in that elegant Poet, one of the Gentlemen was pleased to say, *I find we are not like to agree in our Criticisms; but if I am not mistaken there is a young Fellow in the House who is able to set us all Right;* upon which he named Mr. PRIOR, who was immediately sent for and desired to give his Opinion of Horace's Meaning in the Ode under Debate. Mr. PRIOR, very genteelly, intreated them *to let his Incapacity be his Excuse for not presuming to offer any imperfect Thoughts on what they did him the Honour to propose to him;* but that not availing, he at last, with an engaging Modesty, gave such an Explanation of the Passage in Dispute as was very agreeable to his polite Audience; and the Earl of Dorset from that Moment determined Mr. PRIOR should pass from the Station he was then in, to one more suitable to his promising Abilities.

To accomplish such a generous Intention this Noble Lord sent him as a Gentleman-Commoner to St. John's College in Cambridge, where he made such a Progress in his Studies, that he soon rose to a Fellowship, which he enjoyed till his Death, and gave his illustrious Benefactor the Pleasure of seeing his Generosity succeed to his Desire.

Mr. PRIOR had enriched himself at the University with such a Variety of Learning, and improved his natural Accomplishments with so much Success, that at

his Return to Town, his Intimacy was courted by Persons of the greatest Rank. It was a Happiness then, to have Merit; Great Talents were the best Introduction to Esteem and Popularity, and therefore it was impossible for Mr. PRIOR to be disregarded at a Time when the greatest Wits were the noblest Patrons.

In the Reign of King *Charles the Second* he was intimately honoured with the Friendship of *Charles Montague Esq;* late Earl of *Halifax*, who was a perfect Master of polite Literature himself, and delighted to make that Accomplishment fortunate to others who possessed it.

The first Opportunity given Mr. PRIOR of displaying his excellent Talents, was, on the following Occasion, *viz.*

Soon after the Accession of King *James the Second* to the Throne he flung off the Veil, and not only professed Himself a *Papist*, but took Persons of the same Profession into the Ministry and Army; dispensing with the *Penal Laws*, contrary to the Foundation of the Government, and trying many Experiments invasive of the Rights of the *Church of England*, and the Privileges and Communities of such as were the true Sons of it.

And, in order to turn the *Doctrines* of our *Established Church* into *Ridicule*, Mr. *Dryden*, who had turned *Papist*, to ingratiate himself at Court, was from thence directed to write, and did accordingly Publish, in 1686, a most virulent Satire, intitled, *The HIND and the PANTHER*, a POEM. The *HIND* was made a strong Advocate for the *Church of Rome*, and the *PANTHER* a weak Defender of the *Church of England*. Mr. *Dryden* thought his Casuistry unanswerable, by fixing the *dernier Resort* of *Church-Authority* and the *Rule of Faith* in the Papal See. But the Honourable *Charles Montague Esq;* and Mr. *Prior* then Fellow of *St. John's College, Cambridge*, soon turned the Poetical Casuist on his Back, and fairly shewed the

Dif-

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Difference between smooth-Numbers and sound Arguments. In short to heighten the Ridicule, these Gentlemen turned Mr. Dryden's two mighty *Beasts of Prey* into two diminutive voracious *Vermin*, and transversed the *Hind* and the *Panther*, to the *STORY of the Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse*, under which Title they published their *Critique*, 1687.

The beautiful *Parodie*, of turning Mr. Dryden's Rillery upon himself, the just Reasoning, and inimitable Turns of Wit which it contains, render it Standard: fully verifying the Earl of Roscommon's true Assertion, that,

*The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line,
Drawn to French-Wire, would thro' whole Pages shine.*

Eff. on Tran. Verse..

Mr. PRIOR's second Production, was, as before-mentioned, an Ode. Written the Year following, as an Exercise St. JOHN's College, Cambridge.*

Upon the Revolution, Mr. Prior was brought to Court by his great Patron, the Earl of Dorset. As that noble Lord had entertained a very favourable Opinion of this Gentleman in his Infancy, so he continued to distinguish him by his Friendship and Recommendation; His Patronage introduced him into the Scene of public Employment, and by the generous Influence of this Great Peer, Mr. Prior was made Secretary to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary at the Congress at the Hague in 1690, the Earl of Berkeley being Plenipotentiary at that Negotiation.

Mr. PRIOR had the good Fortune to acquit himself so well in this Situation, that he was afterwards appointed Secretary of the Embassy to the Earls of Pembroke, Jersey, and Sir Joseph Williamson, who were ap-

* On these Words, *I am that I am*, Exod. iii, 14. with which he begins the Collection of his Poems.

pointed!

pointed Ambassadors at the Treaty of Peace at Reswick, 1697; during the Transactions of which, several Memorials relating to that Treaty were drawn up by him; he was likewise Secretary to the succeeding Embassies of the Earls of *Persland* and *Jersey*, in *France*.

After this he was advanced to the Post of Secretary of State in *Ireland*. He was next constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in the Year 1700, and by her Majesty Queen *Anne* made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in 1711; and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary Minister in *France* the same Year.

As he was thus initiated into public Business very young, and continued to transact the same for seven and twenty Years; it must appear not a little surprising that he should find sufficient Opportunities to cultivate his poetical Talents to the Height he raised them; and indeed to use his own Words, (in the Preface to his Poems;) *Poetry was only the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands;* and as he modestly adds, *was only a Poet by Accident.* But we must take the Liberty of differing from him in the last Particular, in order to agree with all Mankind, that Mr. P R I O R received from the Muses at his Nativity all the Graces they could well bestow on their greatest Favourite.

We must not omit one Particular in Mr. P R I O R's Conduct which will appear very remarkable. He was chosen a Member of that Parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himself had been Secretary, and tho' he had such a considerable Share in that Transaction, the Conviction he was under of the exceptionable Measures that attended it, made him join in the Impeachment. A rare instance of a generous Mind who scorned to persist in a Vindication of any Proceedings that his riper Judgment convinced him were unjustifiable.

My late Lord Bolingbroke, who, whatever Exceptions may have been made to his Sentiments in some other Instances, must be allowed an excellent Judge of fine Talents, entertained a particular Esteem for Mr. PRIOR, on the account of his great Abilities; and makes him an extraordinary Compliment in a Letter which he wrote to him, during the Time of his being Q. ANNE's Minister and Plenipotentiary at the Court of France. This Letter is dated, Sept. 10, 1712: O. S.* And among other Particulars has this remarkable Passage—*For GOD's Sake, Dear MATT, hide the NAKEDNESS of thy COUNTRY, and give the best turn thy fertile Brain will furnish thee with to the Blunders of thy Countrymen, who are not much better Politicians than the French are Poets.* And thus the Peer concludes his Epistle:—*It is now three a Clock in the Morning, I have been hard at Work all Day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much Fatigue; excuse therefore the Confusedness of this Scroll, which is only from HARRY to MATT, and not from the Secretary to the Minister.—Adieu, my Pen is ready to drop out of my Hand, it being near three o'Clock in the Morning, believe that no Man loves you better, or is more faithfully yours,*

BOLINGBROKE.

And in another Letter from Lord Bolingbroke, we find the following Advices were conveyed to Mr. PRIOR, Sept. 25, 1713.† O. S.—*There is a Person here, of whom we have never taken the least Notice, as a public Man, but who however is an Agent from the CATALANS. By what we observe in him, it is pretty plain, that a reasonable Accommodation might be made with that turbulent People. What is the Sense of the French Court on this Matter? How far will*

*Vide The Report from the Committee of Secrecy.
Ann. 1715, Fol. Appendix, p. 40. † Ibid. pag. 86.

they

they concur with the Queen in advising Philip to make an End of that War?

Upon Mr. PRIOR's Representation of this Affair to the Court of France, he received the following Letter from Monsieur de Torcy, † dated Nov. 13, 1713, N. S.

You received, Sir, some Time since, Orders from the Queen of Great Britain to use her good Offices with the King in Favour of the Catalans, who have rebelled against the King of Spain, and of the Inhabitants of Barcelona. You acquainted me, that her Britannic Majesty was sure they would submit to the King their Master, if that Prince would grant them a general Amnesty; the Restitution and Enjoyment of all their Estates, and in short the same Conditions which he had caused to be offered them, and which they did not accept, without mentioning their ancient Privileges any more.

The Answer which the King just now receives from the Catholic King upon this Article, is, That he is still willing to grant the same Conditions to the rebellious Catalans, notwithstanding they rendered themselves unworthy of his Favours, by slighting them, and altho' he is now in a Condition to reduce them by Force; He desires the King to impart his Answer to the Queen of Great Britain, my Lord Lexington having had no Orders to speak about this Affair.

TORCY.

Soon after the Accession of King GEORGE the First to the Throne, October 23, 1714. Mr. PRIOR presented a Memorial at the Court of France, requiring that the Canal, and the new Works at Mardyke should be demolished.

In the Year 1715. Mr. PRIOR was recalled from

† Ibid. pag. 87.

France.

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France; and, upon his Arrival, was taken up by a Warrant from the *House of Commons*; shortly after which, he underwent a very strict Examination by a Committee of the *Privy-Council*.

His most loving, political, Friend, the Viscount *Bolingbroke*, foreseeing a *Storm*, ran away to *France*, and secured *HARRY*, but left poor *MATT* in the *Lurch*.

On the 10th of June, *Robert Walpole*, Esq; moved the House for an Impeachment against Him, and on the 17th Mr. *PRIOR* was ordered into close Custody, and *that no Person should be admitted to see him, without leave from the Speaker*.

The following Compliment was paid Mr. *PRIOR*, when under Confinement, viz.

To MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

*Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra,
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi: sparge rosas, audiat invidus.
Dementem strepitum Lycus.*

I.

Could I, great Bard, O! could I share
Thy Genius, as thy Grief,
My healing Verse should sooth thy Care,
And timely give Relief.

II.

But vain are my Essays to sing,
And impotent my Strains,
The Cordials from your self must spring,
That can allay your Pains.

III, OR

M E M O I R S of the

III.

On your firm Heart and honest Breast,
Bend your reflecting Eyes;
For Socrates by Faction prest,
To conscious Virtue flies.

IV.

Nor could Philosophy divine;
Such solid Joys impart,
As each soft Strain, each magic Line,
Of your diviner Art.

V.

Then string again your slackned Lyre, ♦
To peaceful ANN A's Praise;
What would not Innocence inspire,
And ANN A's Glory raise?

VI.

Tho' Faction all its Rage oppose,
The pleasing Theme pursue:
They only, who were ANN A's Foes,
Are Enemies to You.

F ♦ Alluding to his Motto, under the Frontispiece to the
Folio Edition of his Poems, viz.

Nunc Arma defunctumque Bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit. —

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An *Act of Grace* passed in 1717, and Mr. PRIOR was one of the Persons, among others, who was excepted out of it. But, at the Close of this Year he was discharged from his Confinement.

In the Year 1721, Mr. John Dennis published a Collection of Letters Familiar, Moral and Critical, wherein one, upon the *Roman Satirists*, is addressed to Mr. PRIOR, which we shall transcribe, as the Subject appears entertaining, and as it is likewise an Instance of the great Deference paid to Mr. PRIOR's Judgment by Mr. Dennis, who was seldom known to praise any Person who did not very well deserve his Commendations.

To MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

SIR,

WHEN you seem'd to approve of the Translation of the *seventh Satire* of the *second Book of Horace*, which was translated by one of my Friends, that Approbation was the more pleasing to me, because it confirmed me in my own Opinion of it, and obliged me to acquiesce in the Judgments which some of my Friends have given of it, whom I have always chiefly consulted in my Doubts about poetical Matters. And now, Sir, I come according to my Promise to consult you about the Preference which several Partizans of the *Roman Satirists* have given to their respective Favourite Authors, and to know from you which of them are in the right, or rather whether they are not all in the wrong. You know very well, Sir, that *Rigaltius*, *Scaliger*, the Elder, *Lipsius*, and

and Holiday, prefer JUVENAL to HORACE and PERSIUS; That Dacier, Heinsius, Monsieur de la Bruyere, and several others, prefer HORACE to PERSIUS and JUVENAL; that Mr. Dryden endeavours to divide the Palm between HORACE and JUVENAL, and to prefer HORACE for *Instruction*, and JUVENAL for *Delight*; that he gives HORACE the Preference for *Instruction*, because, says he, *He is the more general Instructor*; but that he gives the Priority to JUVENAL for *Delight*, because he is most delighted with him, and so makes his own Taste the Argument for preferring him. But tho' we should grant, Sir, that the Generality of Readers are more delighted with JUVENAL than they are with HORACE, because Dryden is more delighted with him; yet it is not very much to be questioned; whether the Author who gives the most *general Delight* is the *most delightful Author*? Now, Sir, your old Friend Monsieur Despreaux, tho' it is evident that he was more pleased with HORACE than he was with JUVENAL, because he has imitated him more, yet he had more Judgment than expressly to prefer the one to the other, because he knew very well that there can be no true Preference where there can be no just Comparison, and that there can be no just Comparison between Authors whose Works are not *eiusdem generis*, and that the Works of those two Satirists are not *eiusdem generis*. For do not you believe, Sir, that Mr. Dryden is in the wrong where he affirms that the *Roman Satire* had its Accomplishment in JUVENAL? For is there not Reason to believe that the true *Roman SATIRE* is of the Comic kind, and was an Imitation of the old *Athenian Comedies*, in which LUCILIUS first signalized himself, and which was afterwards perfected by HORACE; and that JUVENAL afterwards started a new Satire which was of the Tragic kind? HORACE, who wrote as LUCILIUS had done before him, in Imitation of the old Comedy, endeavours to correct the Follies and Errors, and epidemic

nic Vices of his Readers, which is the Busines of Comedy. JUVENAL attacks the pernicious outrageous Passions and the abominable monstrous Crimes of several of his Contemporaries, or of those who lived in the Age before him, which is the Busines of Tragedy, at least of imperfect Tragedy. HORACE argues, insinuates, engages, rallies, snaffles; JUVENAL exclaims, apostrophizes, exaggerates, lashes, stabs. There is in HORACE, almost every where, an agreeable Mixture of good Sense, and of true Pleasantry, so that he has every where the principal Qualities of an excellent Comic Poet. And there is almost every where in JUVENAL, Anger, Indignation, Rage, Disdain, and the violent Emotions and vehement Style of Tragedy. Can there then be a just Comparison made between these two Satirists, any more than there can be between a Tragic and a Comic Poet? If Mr. Dryden were now living, would he compare Nat Lee with Etherege, the former of which never touched upon Comedy, and the other never attempted Tragedy? would he prefer Nat Lee to Etherege, as he does JUVENAL to HORACE, because the Thoughts of Lee are more elevated than those of Etherege, his Expressions more noble and more sonorous, his Verse more numerous, and his Words more sublime and lofty? would he not have believed, that if Etherege had writ Sir Fopling in the same Style, that Nat Lee wrote Alexander, he would have been as merry a Person as Penkethman was when he acted Alexander? Would he not in all probability have judged that Lee is more delightful to those who are more pleased with Tragedy than they are with Comedy, and that Etherege is more delightful to those who are better entertained with Comedy than they are with Tragedy? Now, Sir, ought not we to make the same Judgement of HORACE and JUVENAL, and to affirm HORACE to be more delightful to those who are more pleased with Comedy than they are with Tragedy, and that

JUVENAL.

JUVENAL is more delightful to those who are better entertained with Tragedy, than they are with Comedy. And that perhaps for that very reason he was more pleasing than HORACE to Mr. Dryden? Will not the Tragic Satire, which like Tragedy derives its Notion from Philosophy and from common Sense, be in all probability more acceptable to Universities and Cloisters and all those Recluse and Contemplative Men, who pass most of their time in their Closets, all which Persons are supposed to have Philosophy from Study, and common Sense from Nature? And will not the Comic Satirist who owes no small Part of his Excellence to his Experience, that is to the Knowledge of the Conversation and Manners of the Men of the World, be in all likelihood more agreeable to the discerning Part of a Court, and a great Capital, where they are qualified to taste and discern his Beauties, by the same Experience which enabled the Authors to produce Them? And above all things, must it not be most agreeable to a Polite Court, where that dexterous Insinuation, that fine good Sense, and that true Pleasantry, which are united in the Horatian Satire, are the only shining Qualities which make the Courtier valuable and agreeable? And will he not take more delight in the Horatian Satire than in the Tragic Eloquence of JUVENAL, not only because he is qualified by Nature and Experience to relish the Beauties of it, but because the Pleasure which he receives from it, is subservient to his Interest, which is always his main Design, and Improves and Cultivates those Talents which are chiefly to recommend him to those who are to advance him?

It will be needless, Sir, to detain you any longer, by enquiring into the Preference which Casaubon has so injudiciously given to PERSIUS, above HORACE and JUVENAL, or into the Preference which he particularly gives to the fifth Satire of PERSIUS before this of HORACE, the Translation of which has occasioned the Trouble,

LIFE of Mr. PRIOR. xv

Trouble which I now give you, and which, you know, Sir, is writ upon the same Subject. Your Friend, Monsieur Dacier, tells us, that *Cæsanbon* by this Opinion prefers the University to the Court. I appeal to you, Sir, if the Satire of HORACE, the Translation of which comes after this Letter, does not speak for it self, and justify the Assertion of Monsieur Dacier.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

J. DENNIS.



HORACE



H O R A C E.

SATIRE VII. BOOK II.

DAVUS and HORACE.*

I'VE listen'd long, and now wou'd Silence break,
 If your poor tim'rous Slave had leave to speak.
What, Davus, is it thou? The very same;
 And, if the truest Services may claim
 The just Return of a kind Master's Care,
 Methinks that I of yours deserve a Share.

*Why then, since ancient Custom has ordain'd
 Thy Tongue at this time should be unrestrain'd,
 Of this Saturnian Feast th' Advantage take,
 And what thou wouldest deliver, freely speak.*

D. Part of Mankind on Vice are truly bent,
 Their constant Pleasure and their sole Intent;
 While a large Part are fluctuating still,
 And now inclin'd to Good, and now inclin'd to Ill.

For such Inconstancy was Priscus known,
 Twice in an Hour he chang'd his dangling Gown,
 To-day three Rings he wears, to-morrow none;

From

* *Famidudum ausculto, & cupiens dicere servus
 Pauca, reformido. Davusne? ita Davus, amicum
 Mancipium Domino, & frugi, quod sit satis: hoc est,
 Ut vitale putes. age, libertate Decembri,
 (Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra. &c.*

L I F E of Mr. P R I O R. xvii

From his own pompous Palace oft he stole,
And to some lurking Place so vile wou'd strole,
Ev'n cleanly Slaves wou'd scorn the nasty Hole.
One Day, he wishes it may be his Doom,
To pass his Life in Lewdness and in *Rome*;
The next, that *Athens*, Virtue's learned Seat,
May prove his Quiet and his last Retreat :
From Object thus to Object would he range,
As if possess'd by all the Gods of Change.

Volnerius, justly lam'd in both his Hands,
Keeps one in Pay, that at his Elbow stands,
Merely to throw the gouty Gamester's Dice ;
So persevering is he in his Vice.
Less wretched thus, in constantly pursuing
An obvious, certain, but a pleasing Ruin,
Than t'other struggling with strong Inclination,
And sure to shock his Reason or his Passion.

H. Sirrah, What's all this Stuff? to what Intent?
And what's by all these musty Morals meant?

D. As musty, Sir, as you are pleas'd to find 'em,
Ev'n for your Worship's Service I design'd 'em.

H. How so you Dog? D. Our Ancients, Sir, you praise,
Their temperate Life, their plain, their frugal ways ;
When in an instant, shou'd some Pow'r Divine
Pronounce aloud, That Antique Life be thine,
You wou'd refuse the Grant, nor have the Heart
From your dear darling Vices e'er to part ;
Either because you feel not what you speak,
Or else your Mind's inconstant still, and weak :
Thus while one Foot you labour to retire,
Your other plunges deeper in the Mire.

When you're in *Rome*, you're all on fire to prove
The Solitary Pleasures of your Grove ;
But scarce you're to your Country Seat got down,
When to the Skies Y'extol the absent Town.]

xviii M E M O I R S of the

If uninvited and at home you eat,
How quiet is the Morsel, and how sweet!
And you so pleas'd, that one wou'd surely think,
Abroad unwillingly you eat or drink;
But let *Macenas* send for you next Day,
How eager You the Summons to obey!
Who's there? who waits? where are my Rascals all?
What ho! my Essence: frantickly you bawl;
When with light Bellies and with heavy Heart
Your spunging Scoundrels, cursing you, depart.

I grant that I my Belly love full well;
That each good Dish allures me by the Smell;
That indolent and idle, and a Sot,
I'm hardly driven to forsake my Pot;
But yet that You who still are worse sometimes,
Tho' specious Words may colour o'er your Crimes,
That You should reprimand me ev'ry Hour,
Only because you have me in your Pow'r,
When this poor Slave, whom for ten Pounds you bought,
Better and wiser too perhaps is thought —

Nay, against all Resentment I declare;
Both Frowns and Blows and angry Words I bear;
While what I learnt from my Converse of late
With *Crispin's* Porter, I shall now relate.

No less, forsooth, than some fine marry'd Dame
Can raise your Fancy and provoke your Flame;
While honest *Davus*, humble as he's poor,
Pretends no higher than his little Whore.
If then the Case stands thus between us two,
Am I the greater Criminal or You?

When Nature keen, incites Love's fierce Desires,
To some convenient Place to quench those Fires,
Forthwith, defying Scandal, I repair,
And some kind she, whom Lust has painted fair,
I take, and in her loose, commodious Dress,
The willing, wanton Baggage I caress;

But

But after having well my self diverted,
I'm in no Pain, for being soon deserted,
Nor care if, when my present Pastime's over,
Her next a finer be, or richer Lover.

When you aside your Marks of Honour fling,
Your Roman Robe and your Equestrian Ring;
When you, whom Cesar made a Judge so grave,
Sculk, in the filthy Habit of a Slave,
To blind some Cuckold, and his Wife t'obtain;
Are you not really what you think you feign?

Trembling you're introduc'd, tho' all on fire,
Fear in your Breast conflicting with Desire;
What Gladiator, hack'd and hew'd all o'er
For wretched Sustenance, can suffer more?
Witness, when Neck and Heels together prest,
You're cram'd for Refuge in some nasty Chest.

Is not Revenge the Injur'd Husband's Due,
Both on the Wife and her Corrupter too?
What Favour can the latter hope or claim,
Industrious to offend—Not so the Dame.
She ne'er steals out to meet you in Disguise,
Nor to your active Ardor e'er replies,
But dully passive in your Arms she lies.
Not but she'd meet you with an equal Gust,
If to your amorous Vows she dar'd to trust,
Nor fear'd you'd scorn her for her rampant Lust.

Yet on to Bondage willingly you go,
Round your own Neck the galling Yoke you throw,
While to your Cuckold, in his raging Fit,
Your Honour, Life and Fortune you commit.
Have you escap'd? 'Tis hop'd, that Danger past,
May teach you Caution and more Wit at last,
No——still you long your former Risques to run,
And fresh Occasions seek to be undone.
O! Slave confirm'd! who can so often fall
Into repeated Bonds, and willing Thrall!

What Beast's so stupid, when he breaks his Chain,
As ever to return to it again?

You're no Adulterer—Right—No Thief am I;
Your Plate I pass with vast Discretion by,
But set the legal Penalties aside,
And Nature breaks thro' all Restraints beside.

You I can justify then my Master call,
You, whom so many Lusts and Men enthrall,
Whom shou'd the Praetor's Wand strike thrice, or more,
Your native Freedom it cou'd ne'er restore,
And ne'er expel the Fear that tyranniz'd before?

As one, who to Commands Obedience pays,
Which some superior Slave upon him lays,
(For such a Custom here I find you have)
Calls that Superior still his Fellow Slave;
So since you still unactive are alone,
And move by Springs, like Puppets, not your own;
Since your mad Passions rule both you and me,
Pray what but wretched Fellow-Slaves are we?

At this Rate who is free? The wise Man's free;
That Sovereign of his Mind, 'tis only he
Who can be said t'enjoy true Liberty;
Who spite of Death, of Poverty and Chains,
And Pleasures, o'er himself serenely reigns;
Who stands collected in himself, and whole,
A Match for all the Tyrants of the Soul;
Who scorning Ties, of himself is great,
Of Fortune independant and of Fate.

This is the Picture of the Man that's free;
Now here what Feature of your own d'ye see?
Your costly Punk, who has your Weakness found,
Presses and plagues you for a thousand Pound:
Refus'd, in Rage she turns you out of Doors,
And a salt Show'r upon your Head she pours.
Yet when she calls again, you're at her beck—
From this vile Yoke, for Shame, withdraw your Neck;

LIFE of Mr. PRIOR. xxi

Come, say I'm Free— Alas! you have no Pow'r
To quit the Tyrant Passion, that each Hour
Subjects your Mind, and will no Mercy show,
But spars you tir'd and jaded as you go.

Or when in foolish Rapture long you stand,
Admiring some fam'd Piece of Pan's Hand,
How is your Conduct less a Fault than mine,
When gaping at some brawny Fencer's Sign,
Bungled in Chalk or Coal, I think it fine?
And lag a while to view the painted Show,
And how they seem to give and ward the Blow;

25

Davns however is the loit'ring Ais,
While for a plaguy Judge of Art you pass.
If I'm provok'd by a hot smoking Pye
To Demolition, what a Rogue am I?
While you, the Man of Virtue and high Mind,
Disdain the Dishes of the nicest kind.

For my good Cheer you'll say I dearly pay,
Since with my Back my Belly I defray.
But can you draw a just Conclusion hence,
That you're luxurious at a less Expence?
When choicest Viands in Excesses cloy,
And endlessly debauching, you destroy,
That Strength, that should your faltring Limbs supply,
Which now to bear your pamper'd Corps deny.

If the young liquorish Rogue, who trucks for Trash
The Toys he stole, most justly feels the Lash;
Shall he escape the Scourge, who, to supply
His Luxury, makes Lands and Lordships fly?

Now add to what I've said, you want the Power
T'endure your self alone one single Hour,
You want the Pow'r your Leisure to enjoy,
But ev'ry precious Moment misemploy,
Still from your self a Fugitive you run,
And seek by Wine and Sleep your Care to shun,

Care on its dusky Wings pursues its Prey,
Or lies in Ambuscade upon your way,
Haunts you by Night and ruffles you by Day.

H. O! that a Stone — O! that a Dart I had!
The Man is raving sure or rhiming mad.
Sirrah, this Moment vanish from my Sight.
For if thou dost not urge thy speedy Flight,
To my Plantation, Wretch, thou goest once more,
T' increase the Number I've sent there before.

25

Mr. P R I O R, after the Fatigues of a Length of Years passed in various Scenes of Action; was desirous of spending the Remainder of his Days in a rural Tranquillity, which the greatest Men in all Ages have been fond of enjoying; he was so happy as to succeed in his Wish, living a very retired and contemplative Life at DOWN-HALL in ESSEX, and found a more solid and innocent Satisfaction among Woods and Meadows than he had enjoyed in the Hurry and Tumults of the World, the Courts of Princes, or the conducting Foreign Negotiations, And where, as he most melodiously sings,

The Remnant of his Days He safely past;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast,
He made his Wish with his Estate comply,
*Joyful to Live, yet not afraid to Die.**

This truly Great Man died on the 18th Day of December 1721, not at his own little Villa, but at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford, with whose generous Friendship, He had been honoured some Years.

* See Henry and Emma.

LIFE of Mr. PRIOR. xxiii

The Death of so extraordinary a Person was justly esteemed an irreparable Loss to the polite World, and his Memory will be ever dear to those who have any Relish for the Muses in their softest Charms.

Some of the latter part of his Life was employed in collecting Materials for an History of the Transactions of his Own Times; but his Death unfortunately deprived the World of a Performance which the Touches of so masterly a Hand would have made exceeding valuable.

About five Weeks before his Decease, he drew up his last Will and Testament himself, in a Strain very different from the formal Jargon of Law-Terms; and as an Air of Politeness and Humanity, peculiar to Mr. PRIOR, runs thro' the whole, we were of Opinion it would be no disagreeable Entertainment to the Reader. A true Copy thereof follows, viz.

IT has pleased Almighty God, for some Years past, to bless me, his most unworthy Creature, with a greater Share of Health than I could have expected from the Tenderness of my native Constitution, or the Fatigues and Troubles of Life, which I have undergone; for This and all other his Mercies, Hallowed be his Name, for ever and ever. Let Men and Angels repeat the Sound, Hallowed be his Name! Now before Sickness of Body, or Infirmitiy of Age prevent, or diminish, the Force of my Understanding, or Memory, I make, and declare this my last Will and Testament.

I MATTHEW PRIOR, of the Parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord Harley for his eminent and continual Friendship to me, and trusting that he will have the same Concern for my Memory after Death, as he had for my Honour whilst Alive; and that he will take the same Care of my surviving Friends, hereafter mentioned in this my Will, as

he did of my own proper Interest; and having for many Years experienced the Faith, Honesty, and Ability of Mr. *Adrian Drift*, my Secretary whilst I was in *Public Employments*, and my Friend and Companion in Private Life; I intreat the said Lord *Harley*, and ordain the said *Adrian Drift* to be the Executors of this my Will. And I thus give and bequeath unto *Edward Lord Harley*, and *Adrian Drift*, all my Goods and Chattels, Plate, Jewels, Medals, and Debts, and all other my Personal Estate; to them, I say, their Heirs Executors and Assigns, in trust only, and for the Uses herereafter specified, and the Benefit of the Persons hereafter mentioned.

It is my Will, that I be buried privately in *Westminster Abbey*, and that after my Debts and Funeral Charges are paid, a Monument be erected to my Memory, whereon may be expressed the *Public Employments* I have borne; the Inscription, I desire may be made by Dr. *Robert Freind*, and the Buste expressed in Marble by *Corriveau*, placed on the Monument: For this last Piece of *human Vanity*, I Will, that the Sum of Five hundred Pounds be set aside.

To the College of St. *John the Evangelist* in *Cambridge*, I leave such, and so many, of my Books, as shall be judged to amount to the Value of Two hundred Pounds: These Books, with my own Poems in the greatest Paper, to be kept in the Library, together with the Books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own Picture, painted by *Le Belle*, and that of my Friend and Patron *Edward Earl of Jersey*, by *Rigault*.

I leave to my Lord *Harley*, the Buste of *Flora*, made by *Girardon*, and six Pictures out of my Collection, such as he shall chuse: The rest of my Pictures, Medals, Drawings, Stamps, and Maps, to be appraised by two Persons who may be thought to understand their Value, and my Lord *Harley* to have the Preference, in case he pleases to purchase any Part, or Parcel thereof; and after his Pleasure

ture therein specified, I Will, that the Residue be sold.

The Picture of Queen Elizabeth, by Portus, I leave to the Honourable and Excellent Lady Harriette Harley, and my own Picture in Enamel, to her dear Daughter Margarett.

All my Manuscripts, Negotiations, Commissions, and all Papers whatsoever, whether of my public Employments, or private Studies, I leave to my Lord Harley, and Mr. Adrian Drift, my Executors, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future Inspection.

Whereas, the Estate of Down-Hall, in Essex, of which I am, and stand at present possessed, is, at my Death, to revert to my Lord Harley, and to his Heirs, according to the Purport and Intent of certain Writings drawn up by Mr. Oliver Martin, of the Middle-Temple, I Declare, that the said Estate does, and ought accordingly to revert to my Lord Harley, and to his Heirs; lest, from any Want of Words in those Writings, or from any Failure, or Expression omitted, in the Form of the Writings, the least Doubt or Inquietude may arise to my Lord Harley, I mention this, tho' at the same time I believe it to be superfluous.

I Will and Desire, that the Sum of One Thousand Pounds, be set apart, in favour and to the Use of Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, and that an Annuity, or Rent-Charge be purchased with the said Sum, to be paid by half-yearly Payments, to the said Elizabeth Cox, during her natural Life; but I would have the said Thousand Pounds, i. e. the Annuity to be purchased with that Sum, to be paid solely to her Order, in half-yearly Payments as aforesaid, and not to be in the Disposal, or at the Power of any Husband which she may marry: And as my Lord Harley will be juster towards all with whom he deals, and kinder to my Friends, than any Man whom I leave behind me in the World, I beg, that he will be pleased to grant to the said Elizabeth Cox such Annuity, leaving the Sum to be determined by his Appointment and Pleasure.

I leave to Mr. *Adrian Drift*, the Sum of One Thousand Pounds, to be employed and disposed of at his Discretion, hoping that his Industry and Management will be such, that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs. *Anne Durham*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds, to be paid within one Year of my Decease, and, by her, to be employed for the Enlargement of her Stock, and the Support of that Trade and Calling wherein I have already placed her, and in which I wish her Prosperity.

I remit to my dear Friend, and old Companion, *Richard Shelton Esq;* all Bonds, Notes, or Obligations, by which he stands any way indebted to me. And I leave to his Son *George Shelton*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds, in such Manner, as that he may receive Fifty Pounds *per Annum*, for Six Years, in order to maintain him during that Time at the University, or to help him in any Trade, or Employment, as his Father may judge proper.

I leave to my well-beloved and dear Cousin *Catharine Harrison*, the Sum of One hundred Pounds, with which she will please to buy Mourning.

I leave to my Servants, each, one Year's Wages and Mourning, and to *John Oeman, or Newman*, the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above such Wages.

I likewise leave the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above such Wages, to *Jane Ansley*.

And, in case this shall (as I reckon it will) amount to more than will pay and satisfy my Debts, and Legacies already given, I leave the Rest and Residue to Mr. *Adrian Drift*, and Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, above-mentioned, to be equally divided between them.

Thus wishing Health, Honour, and Happiness to dear Lord *Harley*, and his Family; and to all my Friends in general; *Peace on Earth, and Good-Will towards Men*; I recommend

commend my Soul and Body to the Eternal and Ever-blessed God, who gave me my Being:

Deus es, instaura plasma tuum.

This Will, written with my own Hand, I Sign and Seal the Ninth of August, An. Dom. 1721.

M. P R I O R.

Signed, Sealed, and declared to be my last Will and Testament of MATTHEW PRIOR, in the Presence of Us, who saw him Seal and Subscribe the same. Witness,

*James Gibbs,
William Thomas,
J. Worlock.*

Mr. PRIOR's Funeral was, according to his Desire, in his Will, exactly performed. A very neat Monument, with the Bust he mentions, is erected to his Memory, and the following Inscription thereon, composed by the Reverend and Learned Dr. Freind, Master of Westminster-School, viz.

Sui Temporis Historiam meditanti:
Paulatim obrepens Febris
Operis simul, & Vitæ, filum Abrupit,
Sept. 18. An. Dom. MDCCXXI.

Ætat. 57.

H. S. E.

Vir Eximus

Serenissimis

Regi GULIELMO Reginæq; MARIAE

in Congregatione Foederatorum

Haga Anno 1690 Celebrata,

Deinde Magna Britannia Legatis,

Tum iis,

Qui Anno 1697 Pacem Reswicki confecerunt;

Tum iis,

Qui apud Gallos annis proximis Legationem obierunt;

Eodem etiam Anno 1697 in Hibernia.

S E C R E T A R I U S.

Nec non in utroq; Honorabili consessu

Eorum.

Qui Anno 1700 ordinandis Commercii negotiis;

Quiq; Anno 1711 dirigendis Portorii rebus

Præsidebant,

C O M M I S S I O N A R I U S;

Postremo

A B A N N A

Felicissimæ memoriae Reginæ

Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Gallie Regem.

Missus Anno 1711.

De pace stabilendo;

(Pace etiamnum Durante,

Diutq; ut boni jam omnes sperant Duratur)

Cum Summa potestate Legatus.

KES

MAT-

MATTHEUS PRIOR Armiger,

Qui

Hos omnes, quibus cunctus est, Titulos
Humanitatis, Ingenii, Eruditionis Laude,
Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ,
Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit,
Juvenem in Collegio Sti. Joannis
Cantabrigie optimis Scientiis instruxit ;
Virum deniq; auxit & perfecit
Multam cum viris Principibus consuetudo ;

Ita Natus, ita Institutus,
A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,
Sed solebat sœpe rerum Civilium gravitatem
Amoeniorum Literarum Studiis condire :
Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus
Haud infeliciter tentaret,
Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideq; [texendis]
Mirus Artifex.

Neminem habuit parem.
Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta ;
Quam nullo Illi labore constiterint,
Facile iis perspexere, quibus usus est Amici ;
Apud quos Urbanitatum & Leporum plenus,
Cum ad rem, quæcunq; forte inciderit,
Aptè, variè copiosèq; alluderet,
Interea nihil quæsitus, nihil vi expressum
Videbatur

Sed omnia ultro effluere,
Et quasi jugi è fonte afflatim exuberare.
Ita suos tandem dubios reliquit,
Effete in Scriptis, Poeta Elegantior,
An in Convictu, Comes Jucundior.



The foregoing INSCRIPTION
attempted in ENGLISH.

Whilst he was Writing
The History of his Own Time,
A lingering Fever
Snapt the Thread of his Work and his Life together,
On the 17th Day of Sept. 1721.
In the 57th Year of his Age.

Here lies interred
That excellent Man.
He was Secretary to their most Serene Majesties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
At the Congress of the Allies held at the Hague, 1690.
He was thence
Appointed Secretary
To those Ambassadors of Great Britain
Who concluded the Peace of Ryswick, 1697.
He was likewise Secretary
To the Two succeeding Embassies in France.
And also in the Year 1697,
Secretary of State in the Kingdom of Ireland.
In the Year 1700,
He was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners
Of Trade and Plantations.
And in the Year 1711,
Made one of the Commissioners of the Customs;
And lastly,

Sent

LIFE of Mr. PRIOR.

xxx

Sent by Her Majesty Queen ANNE,
(Of blessed Memory)

In the Year 1711.

Plenipotentiary-Minister to LEWIS XIV, King of France,
With the fullest Powers to establish the Peace.

(A Peace to this Day Lasting,
And which,

That it may long Last,
Is the Wish of all good Men.)

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

Surpassed all the Characters

With which he was invested,

By the Force of his Genius,

And the Politeness of his Erudition;

At whose Birth the gentle Muses

Smiled propitious.

The Literature of this Royal Foundation

Trained up, and embellished him while a Boy:

St. JOHN's College in Cambridge

Endowed and furnished his ripening Years

With its brightest Sciences;

And at last,

A long and intimate Conversation

With the most illustrious Persons

Improved and finished the Man.

Thus Born, thus Educated,

He could never be withdrawn

From the Choir of the Muses;

But

M E M O I R S of the

But was often accustomed
To alleviate and sweeten
The Fatigue of his *public Employments*,
By a Retreat to Studies
More inviting and delightsom:
And after performing almost
Every Species of Poetry with Success:
In the agreeable and happy Manner
Of contriving and delivering his *Tales*,
This wonderful Artist found no Equal.
The unlaboured Delicacy,
With which he toyed in these Amusements,
Was easily observed by all
Whom he received into his Friendship:
In whose Company
If any Subject of Humour casually occurred,
He would treat it,
Being full of Wit and Pleasantry,
With the most Copious, Suitable, Sprightly,
And Beautiful Turns,
Nothing appearing to be either studied or forced;
But all freely rising from his Invention,
And flowing, as from an inexhaustible Fountain;
So, that among his Acquaintance,
It is a Matter of Doubt,
Whether in his Writings,
He was the more elegant Poet;
Or, in his Conversation,
The more facetious Companion.





On the DEATH of
MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;
Of Down-Hall in Essex.

By a Neighbouring CLERGYMAN.

IS PRIOR gone? O wou'd you once inspire
Celestial NINE, a Stranger to your Quire?
While I this melancholy Theme pursue,
And pay my last Respects to *Him* and *You*.

Alas! How soon ends all our Joy in Woe,
Which your Arrival gave not long ago!
When the great Poet humbly laid aside
His glitt'ring Robes of State, and Courtier's Pride,
And lowly deign'd with Rustics to reside.
So PHOEBUS God of Verse, once in Disguise
Abode with Shephends, banish'd from the Skies.
Vast Hopes we then conceiv'd, and vainly gues'd:
That now *Down-Hall* wou'd be for ever blest,
And soon all other Country-Seats out-shine,
As being the *Muses Seat*, and rais'd by Hands Divine.
The Trees around shou'd grow in Verse sublime;
And the shrill Brooks shou'd roll in Shriller Rhime:

And,

And what still rais'd our Expectations higher,
You seem'd the Situation to admire.
The Hill was advantageous to your Flight;
The Grove to sing the Nut-brown Maid's Delight.
Pleas'd with the Place; Poetic-Plans you drew
Of Houses, Gardens, Walks, in Paper View;
And meas'ring all the Fields and Meads around,
Describ'd the Limits of your Hallow'd Ground.
The Grove already made your Vistaes Ways,
Longing to echo your immortal Lays.
The Hill begun to rear his Head up High,
And shortly thought with Cooper's-Hill to vie.

But *All is Vain*. Alas! the Poet's Dead;
The Wonder-working Muses too are fled,
And the Old tott'ring House nods down its mournful Head. }
O Thou the Muses greatest Friend and Heir,
Great HARLEY! for their sake, with pious Care
Support its drooping Head; and let it stand
The Poet's Monument in Essex Land:
When future curious Trav'lers shall be told
That was the Famous PRIOR's Seat of old,
Which since, his Patron HARLEY's noble Race uphold: }
That *All was Vain*, great PRIOR's lofty Tongue
In Stile-Heroic, and divinely Sung
Not all before. *All but his Words*, were vain,
They prov'd too true, and in Prophetic Strain
Made by the Poet's Death his Subject out too Plain. }

LIFE of Mr. PRIOR. XXXV

For Vain indeed by Fate's severe Decree,
Thy Plans of Pleasure prov'd, Great Man, to THEE;
Since Thou art call'd in haste away to tread
The gloomy Walks and Vistaes of the Dead:
In vain didst thou thy Summer-House project,
Death is providing thee an Architect,
In HENRY's ancient Dome, who shall thy Tomb erect.



But when thy TOMB, as all things mortal must,
Sinks ere a while, as Thou dost now to dust;
Thy deathless Works a Monument shall raise,
Which will for ever last, and sound thy Praise;
And not in Westminster alone proclaim,
But all the Land record, PRIOR's Immortal Fame.



THRE-



T H R E N U S;

O R,

S T A N Z A S on the Death of Mr. P R I O R.

By ROBERT INGRAM, Esq;

I.

MAT PRIOR— and we must submit!
Is at his Journey's End:
In whom the *World* has lost a *Wit*;
And *I*, what's more, a *Friend*.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to Stay,
May see with weeping Eyes,
Not only *Nature* posts away,
But c'en *Good-Nature* dies!

III.

Shou'd grave Ones count these Praises light,
To such it may be said;
A Man, in this lamented *Wight*,
Of *Business* too is dead.

IV. From

LIFE of Mr. PRIOR. xxxvii

IV.

From Ancestors, as might a Fool!
He trac'd no High-fetch'd Stem;
But gloriously revers'd the Rule,
By Dignifying them.

V.

O! gentle Cambridge! sadly says
Why Fates are so unkind?
To snatch thy Giant-Sons away,
Whilst Pygmies stay behind,

VI.

Horace and He were call'd in haste,
From this vile Earth to Heaven,
The cruel Year not fully past,
Etatis, FIFTY-SEVEN.

VII.

So on the Tops of Lebanon,
Tall Cedars felt the Sword,
To grace by Care of Solomon,
The Temple of the Lord.

VIII.

A Tomb, amidst the Learned, may
The Western-Abbey give!
Like Theirs, his Ashes must decay;
Like Theirs, his Fame shall live.

IX. Close,

IX.

Close, Carver, by some well-cut Books,
 Let a thin BUSTO tell;
 In spite of plump and pamper'd Looks,
 How scantily Sense can dwell!

X.

No Epitaph, of tedious Length;
 Shou'd over-charge the Stone;
 Since loftiest Verse wou'd lose its Strength,
 In mentioning his Own.

XL.

At once! and not Verbosely tame,
 Some brave Laconic-Pen
 Shou'd smartly touch his ample Name,
 In form of ————— O RARE BEN!



ON

ON THE

D E A T H

OF

Mr. P R I O R.

O ! Had my Tongue but Language to express,
The heavy Burthen of my Soul's Distress!
My Numbers charming, as Thy Strains shou'd flow,
A comely Mourning, and a decent Woe.

IMMORTAL Bard ! If thou canst deign to see,
A Thing so wretched, and so low as me :
How'er thy Eyes o'er beauteous Prospects roam,
And Angels Songs salute Thee to thy Home;
O ! to thy Friend below, be once more Kind,
And grant these Strains may thy Acceptance find.

But shou'd these fail, thou shalt for ever stand
Immortaliz'd, by thy Own deathless Hand:
Thy *Alma*, and thy *Solomon*, shall Shine,
With equal Glory, to a future Line;

Succeeding

MEMOIRS of the

Succeeding Ages, as they read them o'er,
Shall praise the Poet, and his Loss deplore.
Amazing Beauties thro' the Work unfold,
And practise what their great Forefather told.

IF O! my Friend, kind Heav'n would hear my Prayer,
And raise me, sinking, from this deep Despair;
Before I fall, and reach the lonesome Grave,
Let me a Portion of thy Spirit have,
That when the Springs of weary Life decay,
And frightened Nature wings her Course away:
The bounteous Pow'r may to my Soul assign
A Rest, a Fame, and a Reward, like Thine.

CHARLES BROWN.

On seeing Mr. PRIOR'S Monument.

MEAN Artifice! to gild precarious Fame!
A PRIOR bears a STATUE in his NAME.
True Merit does to heights unlabour'd climb,
And mocks the Rust of Age and Waste of Time.

Thus did APPELLE'S Hand Death's Razure brave,
And share the Immortality it gave:
VENUS and AMMON in his Colours shown,
Transmit the Painter's Glory with her Own.

CHA. BECKINGHAM.

On the Publication of Two Posthu-
mous PIECES OF MR. PRIOR,
viz. I. The TURTLE and SPAR-
ROW, a Tale. II. DOWN-HALL,
a Ballad.

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in vain,
For see! Our *easy* PRIOR lives again.
These genuine Lines the gentle Bard reveal,
And paint that Nature he alone cou'd feel,
With tender Accents touch the softning Soul,
Or gaily Mock the *Philosophic*-Fool.

When TURTURELLA tells her piteous Moan,
Who does not make the Mourner's Grief his own?
How ravishingly sweet the Numbers move,
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love!
Such sympathizing Tenderness impart,
They melt the Reader's to a Lover's Heart.

But while th' imitable Bard displays
The wanton SPARROW in gallanter Lays,
The Marriage-State is Imag'd to the Life,
The Careless Husband and the Prevish Wife;
The Troubles of the Fetlock'd-Couple shew,
And either Sex is open'd to the View.

Next, in Down-Hall we find his Hum'rous Vein,
(Tho' Essex marshy Hundreds are the Scene)

XLII **M E M O I R S of Mr. P R I O R.**

A Place unheard of, 'till by P R I O R nam'd,
Now M O R L E Y and D o w n - h a l l alike are fam'd.

Thus Sung delightful M A T — but Sings no more;
Long Since lamented on the lonesom Shore;
Penfive for Him in vain my Voice essays,
To court T H A L I A to her Poet's praise:
Like T U R T U R E L L A she neglects her Charms,
Despairing of another P R I O R ' s Arms:
Alike their Tenderness, alike their Woe,
For what C O L U M B O was, is P R I O R now:
Time's Period past — He shall for Ever live,
And like these Labours by his Death revive.

London, July 14, 1725.

W. PATTISON.



P O E M S





the Turtle and Sparrow



P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.

THE
TURTLE and SPARROW.
AN
ELEGIAC TALE*.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,
Where Yew and Myrtle mix their Shade,
A Widow Turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate.

* This Piece was written upon the sincere Affection shewn by her most sacred Majesty Queen ANNE for the Loss of her Royal Consort Prince GEORGE, 1708, who is figured under COLUMBO, the faithful Mate of TURTURELLA.

2 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Sparrow chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Besure He did the Turtle greet,
She answer'd him as she thought met.
Sparrows and Turtles, by the bye,
Can Think as well as You or I:
But how they did their Thoughts express,
The Margin shews by T and S.

T. My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop Pinks and Daisies on his Tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his Fun'ral Verse,
Ye pious Redbreasts, deck his Herse:
Fair Swans, extend your Dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:
For Him, my Friend, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the Bier Columbo lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes;
Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those Eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That Beauty and those Joys are flown!

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods;

The

P O E M S on several Occasions.

3

The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,
And say, *Columbo* is no more.

Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The *Dryads* all forsook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me stood,
The tripping *Fawns* and *Fairies* came,
All conscious of our mutual Flame,
To sigh for him, wish me to moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

VENUS disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear;
But what avails her Kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow*:
The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,
Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung;
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept with me, *Columbo* dead:
For Him I sigh, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

'Tis Ours to Weep, great VENUS said,
'Tis JOVE's alone to be Obey'd:
Nor Birds, nor Goddesses can move
The just Behests of Fatal JOVE;

4 POEMS on several Occasions.

I saw thy Mate with sad Regret,
And curs'd the Fowler's cruel Net:
Ah, dear Columbo, how he fell,
Whom Turturella lov'd so well!
I saw him bleeding on the Ground,
The Sight tore up my ancient Wound;
And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
Still let my tender Grief complain,
Nor Day, nor Night that Grief restrain,
I said, and VENUS still reply'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy Care,
And just thy Tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
With piteous Heart a Lover's Care?
Come then, with Me thy Sorrows join,
And ease My Woes by telling Thine:
For Thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passarella dead and gone.

S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in Rhyme,
But neither suits the Place nor Time;
The Fowler's Hand, whose cruel Care
For dear Columbo set the Snare,

The

P O E M S on several Occasions.

5

The Snare again for Thee may set;
Two Birds may perish in One Net.
Thou shou'dst avoid this cruel Field,
And Sorrow shou'd to Prudence yield.
'Tis sad to Die.

T. It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet, to Live in Woe.

S. When Widows use their canting Strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth disprove,
They never tasted real Love.

S. Love is soft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life:
When he has thrown Two Golden Darts,
And struck the Lovers mutual Hearts;
Of his black Shafts let Death send One;
Alas! the pleasing Game is done,
Ill is the poor Survivor Sped,
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
V E N U S said right, nor Tears can move,
Nor Plaints revoke the Will of J O V E.

All must obey the gen'ral Doom,
Down from ALCIDES to Tom Thumb.
Grim PLUTO will not be withheld
By Force or Craft. Tall Robinhood,

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You see how deeply I am read)
With *Fate's* lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax to shun his gen'ral Pow'r,
In vain absconded in a *Flow'r*.
An idle Scene *Tythonus* acted,
When to a *Grasshopper* contracted:
Death struck them in those Shapes again,
As once he did when they were Men.

For Reptiles perish, Plants decay;
Flesh is but Grass, Grass turns to Hay;
And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay.

—Thus Heads extremely nice discover,
That Folks may Die, some Ten times over;
But oft by too refin'd a Touch,
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er *Pythagoras* may say,
(For each, you know, will have his Way)
With great Submission I pronounce,
That People Die no more than Once:
But Once is sure, and Death is Common
To *Bird* and *Man*, including *Woman*,
From the Spread-Eagle to the *Wren*,
Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when;
All that wear Feathers first or last,
Must one Day perch on *CHARON'S* Mast;

P O E M S on several Occasions.

7

Must lie beneath the *Cypres's Shade,*
Where *S TRADA's Nightingale* was laid ;
*T*hose Fowl who seem Alive to sit,
Assembled by *DAN CHAUCER'S Wit,*
In Prose have slept Three Hundred Years,
Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
And, laid in State upon their *Horse,*
Are truly but embalm'd in Verse ;
As sure as *LESBIA's Sparrow I,*
Thou, sure as *P RIOR'S Dove,* must Die :
And ne'er again from *Lethe's Streams*
Return to *Adda, or to Thames.*

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleasures fled ;
I therefore must for ever moan
My dear *Columbo, dead and gone.*

S. *Columbo* never sees your Tears,
Your Cries *Columbo* never hears ;
A Wall of *Brafs*, and one of *Lead,*
Divide the Living from the Dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
Of Tears beats back to Earth again,
In t'other the Collected Sound
Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
What Time it self can ne'er retrieve.
By Nature soft, I know, a *Dove*
Can never live without her *Love;*

8 POEMS on several Occasions.

Then quit this Flame, and light another;
Dame, I advise you like a Brother.

T. What, I to make a second Choice?
In other Nuptials to rejoice?

S. Why not my Bird?

T. No, Sparrow, no,
Let me indulge my pleasing Woe:
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my Pain,
But never wish, nor love, again:
Distress'd for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
Contemn thy mad Excess of Love:
I tell thee, Dame, the t'other Day
I met a Parrot and a Fay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the Fay or Parrot said,
My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled;
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo, dead and gone. — S. Encore!
For Shame forsake this BON-stile,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
Does it with Sense or Health agree,
To sit thus moping on a Tree?

To

POEMS on several Occasions.

9

To throw away a Widow's Life,
When you again may be a Wife.

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours;
Who knows but they may infl'ence Yours;
Example draws, when Precept fails,
And Sermons are less read than Tales.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As such will hear thee: I descend;
Hop on and talk; but, honest Bird,
Take care that no immodest Word
May venture to offend my Ear.

S. Too Saint-like Turtle, never fear,
By Method Things are best discuss'd,
Begin we then with Wife the first:
A handsom, senseless, auk'ard Fool;
Who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule:
Her Actions did her Charms disgrace,
And still her Tongue talk'd off her Face:
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had she,
And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Those Wills were chang'd with ev'ry Wind:
She courted the Beau-Monde To-night,
L'Assemblée, her supreme Delight;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen.
She censur'd *this*, she alter'd *this*,
And with great Care set all amiss;

10 POEMS on several Occasions.

She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now fang, now pout, All God knows why :
Short was her Reign, she Cough'd and Dy'd.
Proceed we to my Second Bride ;
Well Born she was, genteelly Bred,
And Buxom both at Board and Bed ;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And, as TOM SOUTHERN wisely says,
No other Fault had she in Life,
But only that she was my WIFE *.
O Widow-Turtle ! ev'ry She,
(So Nature's Pleasures does Decree)
Appears a Goddess 'till enjoy'd,
But Birds, and Men, and Gods are cloy'd.
Was HERCULES One Woman's Man ?
Or JOVE for ever LADA's Swan ?
Ah ! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
Few marry'd Fowl peck DUNMOW-BACON.
Variety alone gives Joy,
The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy :
What Sparrow, Dame ? what Dove alive ?
Tho' VENUS shou'd the Char'ot drive,
But wou'd accuse the Harness Weight,
If always Coupled to One Mate ;
And often wish the Fetter broke.
'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious, to wish to Wed again,
Till Death dissolv'd the former Chain.

S. Spain

* See *The Wife's Excuse*. A Comedy.

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest,
She brought me Sons, but Jove be blest,
She Dy'd in Child-Bed on the Nest.

Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone:
But must I therefore lie alone?
What, am I to her Mem'ry ty'd?
Must I not Live, because she Dy'd?
And thus I Logically said,
('Tis good to have a Reas'ning Head)
Is this my WIFE? Probatr, not;
For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot:
She was, Concedo, during Life;
But, is a Piece of Clay, a WIFE?
Again, if not a Wife, d'ye see,
Why then no Kin at all to me?
And he who gen'ral Tears can shed
For Folks that happen to be Dead,
May e'en with equal Justice mourn
For those who never yet were Born.

T. Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,
But Logic is no Friend to Love.

S. My Children then were just pen-feather'd:
Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,
So left that Brood to get another.
And as old HARRY Whilome said,
Reflecting on ANNE BOLEYN Dead,

Cocksberries.

12 POEMS on several Occasions.

Cockbones, I now again do stand
The jolly'st Bachelor i' th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
My first, my only Love is Dead.
With endless Grief let me bemoan,
Columbo's Loss.

S. Let me go on.
As yet my Fortune was but narrow;
I woo'd my Cousin *Philly Sparrow*,
O' th' Elder House of *Chirping-End*.
From whence the Younger Branch descends.
Well seated in a Field of Pease
She liv'd, extremely at her Ease;
But when the *Honey-Moon* was past,
The foll'wing Nights were soon o'ercast,
She kept her own, could plead the Law,
And Quarrel for a *Barley-Straw*;
Both, you may judge, became less kind.
As more we knew each other's Mind:
She soon grew sullen, I, hard-hearted,
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To LONDON, blessed Town, I went,
She Boarded at a Farm in KENS;
A Magpye from the Country fled,
And kindly told me she was Dead;
I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
And set my Heart again to Sale.

My

My Fourth, a mere Coquet, or such
I thought her, nor avails it much,
If true or false; our Troubles spring,
More from the Fancy, than the Thing.
Two staring Horns, I often said,
But ill become a Sparrow's Heads.
But then to set that Ballance even,
Your Cuckold-Sparrow goes to Heaven.
The Thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilst at the Root your Horns are sore,
The more you scratch, they ach the more.
But turn the Tables and reflect,
All may not be, that you suspect:
By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean,
Are only in Ideas seen;
'Tis from the Inside o' the Head
Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread;
Fruitful Suspicions often bear 'em,
You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that Echo'd Word,
Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird;
But those of finer Taste have found
There's nothing in't beside the Sound.
Preferment always waits on Horns,
And Household Peace the Gift adorns:
This Way, or That, let Factions tend,
The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend;
This Way, or That, let Madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.

Now

14. POEMS on several Occasions.

Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,
The plus and minus, Loss and Gain,
And what *La Fontaine* laughing says,
Is serious Truth, in such a Case;
Who slighteth the Evil, finds it least;
And who does Nothing, does the best.
I never strove to rule the Roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast:
In Visits if we chanc'd to meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet;
We neither much careſſ'd nor strove,
But good Disſembling paſt'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of *Light* our Eye may know,
'Tis only *Light* it-self can show:
Whate'er of *Love* our Heart can feel,
'Tis mutual *Love* alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish Bird,
A Momeat's Patience; in one Word,
The Three kind Sisters broke the Chain,
She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster Grief deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more;
Let me with constant Tears bewail —

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
My *Fifth*, she prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord shield us all from such a Life!

'Twas

P O E M S on several Occasions. 15

'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
'Twas This, To-day; To-morrow, That.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the Brook
I kept a Miss; an honest Rook
Told it a Snipe, who told a Stear,
Who told it those, who told it her.

One Day a Linnet and a Lark
Had met me strolling in the Dark;
The next, a Woodcock and an Owl
Quick-fighted, grave, and sober Fowl,
Wou'd on their Corp'ral Oath alledge
I kiss'd a Hen behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam Thrush, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our Grief)
As once she watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
The Fever came, and then the Pip:
Death did the only Cure apply;
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd these Changes view?
His Sorrows, as his Joys are true.

S. My dearest Dove, One wise Man says,
Alluding to our present Case,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow:
Then what avails superfluous Sorrow!

Another

16 POEMS on several Occasions.

Another full as wise as he,
Adds; that a Marry'd Man may see
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
The First and Last, perhaps you'll say;
'Tis true, when blythe she goes to Bed,
And when she peaceably lies Dead;
Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of Holland or of Lead.

Now cur'd of H Y M E N's Hopes and Fears,
And sliding down the Vale of Years,
I hope'd to fix my future Rest,
And took a Widow to my Nest.
Ah Turtle! had she been like Thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free;
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
Love in P A N D O R A's Box confin'd.
A Hundred Ills to vex Mankind;
To vex one Bird, in her Bandore:
He hid at least a Hundred more:
And soon as Time that Veil withdrew,
The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew;
Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
And Native Tempests arm'd her Eye,
Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
We, Young or Old, or Cock or Hen,
All liv'd in A E O L U S's Den;

The

P O E M S on several Occasions. 17

The nearest her, the more accurst,
Ill far'd her Friends, her Husband worst.
But *JOVE* amidst his Anger spares,
Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
In short, she Dy'd. Why then she's Dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Wou'd Heav'n this Mourning Year was past,
One may have better Luck at last.
Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The *DEVIL's Wife* was but a *Fiend.*

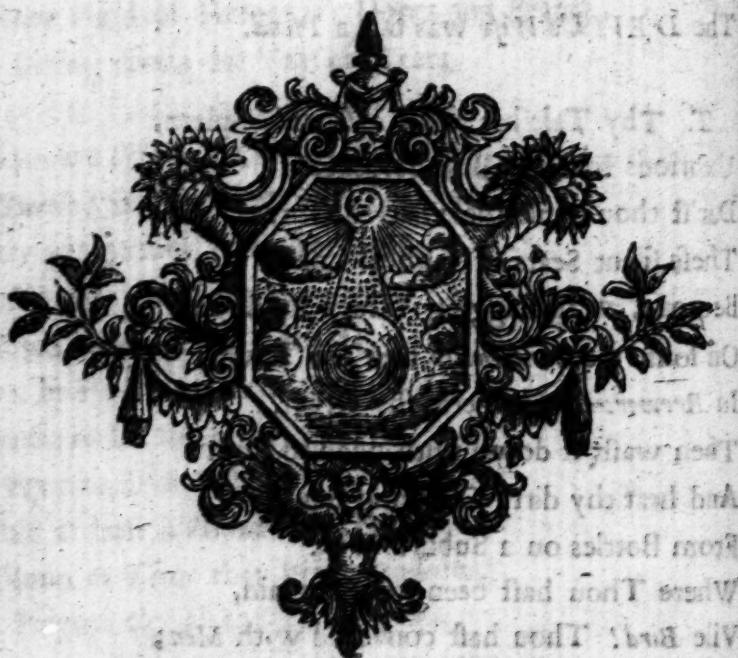
T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's Spleen,*
Uxorius Inmate, Bird obscene,
Dar'st thou defile these Sacred Groves,
These silent Seats of faithful Loves?
Be gone, with flagging Wings sit down
On some old *Pent-house* near the Town;
In *Brewers-Stables* peck thy Grain,
Then wash it down with puddled Rain:
And hear thy dirty Offspring Squall
From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall.
Where Thou hast been, return again,
Vile *Bird!* Thou hast convers'd with *Menz*,
Notions like these, from *Men* are given,
Those *vilest* Creatures under Heaven.

To Cities and to Courts repair,
Flattery and *Falshood* flourish there:
There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy;*

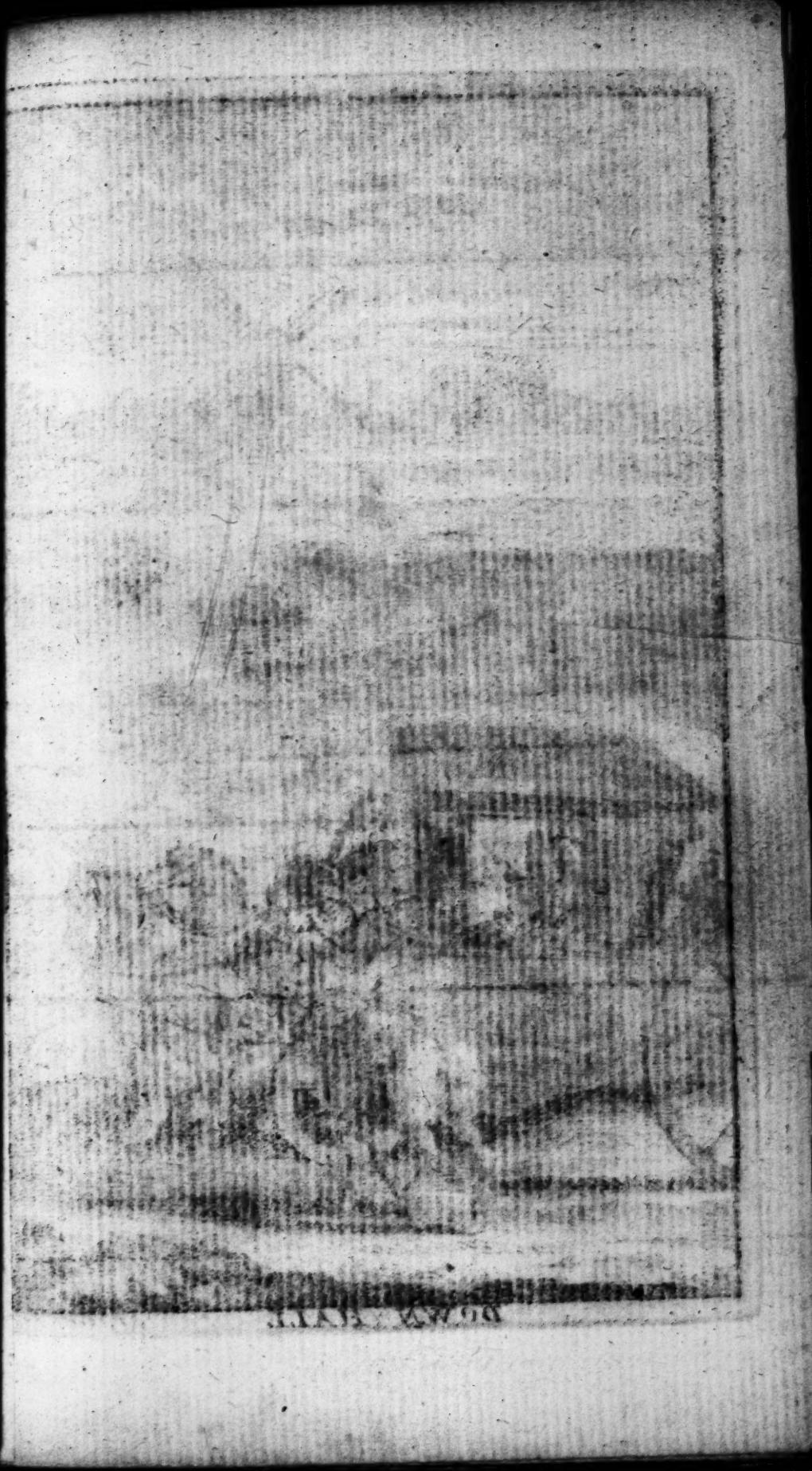
Where

18 POEMS on several Occasions.

Where Passions do with In'rest Barter,
And Hymen holds, by Mammon's Charter;
Where Truth, by Point of Law, is Parry'd,
And Knaves and Prudes are Six Times Marry'd.



DOWN-HALL;





DOWN-HALL

G. F. STANFORD.



DOWN-HALL;

A

B A L L A D.

To the Tune of King JOHN and the Abbot
of CANTERBURY.

Written in the Year, MDCCXV.



Sing not Old JASON, who Travell'd thro'
Greece,
To kiss the fair Maids, and possess the
rich Fleece;
Nor Sing I AEneas, who, led by his
Mother,

Got rid of One WIFE, and went far for Another,
Derry down, down, hey derry down;

Nor

20 POEMS on several Occasions.

Nor Him who thro' Asia and Europe did roam,
ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
Than return to his Farms, and Converse with old PEN.

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL; their meaning to seek
A Man must have pok'd in the Latin and Greek;
Those who Love our Own Tongue, we have Reason to hope
Have read them Translated by DRYDEN and POPE.

But I Sing Exploits, that have lately been done
By Two British HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN:
And how they rid Friendly from fine London-Town,
Fair Essex to see, and a Place they call DOWN.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose,
How much they Discours'd, both in Prudence and Prose:
For before this great Journey was thoroughly concert'd,
Full often they met; and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew said, look you here, my Friend John
I fairly have Travell'd Years Thirty and One;
And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's Warrants,
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

* Matthew Prior, Esq; and John Morley of Halstead
in Essex, Esq; Bred a Butcher (but was accounted one of
the greatest Land-Jobbers in England) and in Honour of his
Profession, annually killed a Hog, in the Publick Market,
and took a Groat for it. He died 1732.

And

P O E M S on severol Occasions. 21

And now in this *Journey of Life*, I wou'd have
A Place where to Bait, 'twixt the *Court* and the *Graves*;
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die—
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so Stately, and Arbours so Thick,
A Portal of Stone, and a Fabric of Brick.
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r;
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be paid in an Hour.

For Things in this World, must by Law be made certain,
We Both must repair unto OLIVER MARTIN;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.
I'll bring You to see; he must fix you at DOWN.

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from Berwick to Dover,
You've Sold all our Premises over and over.
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
You may throw all our Acres into the South-Sea.

But a word to the Purpose; To-morrow, dear Friend,
We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
And if with a Garden and House I am blest,
Let the Devil and Coningsby* go with the rest.

Then answer'd Squire MORLEY, pray get a Calash,
That in Summer may Burn, and in Winter may Splash;
I love Dirt and Dust; and 'tis always my Pleasure,
To take with me much of the Soil that I Measure.

* Lord Coningsby with whom he had differed.

But

22 POEMS on several Occasions.

But *Matthew* thought better : For *Matthew* thought right,
And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,
That Extremes both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass;
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the other was *Glass*.

Draw up, quoth Friend *Matthew*; pull down, quoth Friend
We shall be both Hotter and Colder anon. [John,
Thus Talking and Scolding, they forward did Speed;
And *RALPH* pac'd by, under *NEWMAN* the *Swede*.

Into an Old Inn did this Equipage roll,
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,
Near a *Nymph* with an Urn, that divides the High-way,
And into a Puddle throws *Mother of TEA*.

Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d' ye do?
Where is *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?
And where is the *Widow* that dwelt here below?
And the *Hostler* that Sung about Eight Years ago?

And where is your *Sister* so mild and so dear?
Whose Voice to her *Maids* like a Trumpet was clear:
By my Troth, *She replies*, you grow Younger, I think:
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why now let me Die, Sir, or live upon Trust,
If I know to which Question to answer you first.
Why Things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
And the *Hostler* is Hang'd, and the *Widow* is Marry'd.

And

And *Prue* left a Child for the Parish to Nurse;
And 'Sisley went off with a Gentleman's Purse;
And as to my Sister so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Ashes; what signifies Grief:
She Roasted red *Veal*, and she Powder'd lean *Beef*:
Full nicely she knew to Cook-up a fine Dish;
Nor tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish*.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord;
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:
Should look on myself as unhappily Sped,
Did I yield to a Sister, or Living, or Dead.

Of *Mutton*, a delicate Neck and a Breast,
Shall Swim in the *Water* in which they were Drest:
And because You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
Addle-Eggs shall be next Course, tost up with rank *Bacon*.

Then Supper was Serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;
And MORLEY most lovingly whisper'd the *Maid*.
The *Maid*! was She handsom? why truly so, so:
But what MORLEY whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the *Sun*,
And their *Horses* like his, were prepared to Run.
Now when in the Morning MATT ask'd for the Score,
JOHN kindly had paid it the Ev'ning before.

Their

24 POEMS on several Occasions.

Their Breakfast so warm to be sure they did Eat:
A Custom in Travellers, mighty Discreet,
And thus with great Friendship and glee they went on
To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,
call'd DOW N, down, hey derry dom,

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon?
Why, of Spots in the Sun, and the Man in the Moon:
Of the Czar's gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,
The wise Men of Greece, and the Secret-Committee.

So to HARLOW they came; and Hey, where are You?
Show Us into the Parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your Maids have no motion, your Men have no life;
Well Master, I hear you have bury'd your Wife.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a Horse, and a Guide.
Are the Harrisons here, both the Old and the Young?
And where stands fair DOW N, the Delight of my Song?

O Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may say,
I have Bury'd Two Wives since you Travell'd this way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here;
And DOW N stands, I think, where it stood the last Year.

Then JOAN brought the Tea-pot, and CALEB the Tass;
And the Wine was froth'd-out by the Hand of mine Host;
But we clear'd our Extempore Banquet so fast,
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste.

P O E M S on several Occasions.

125

Now hey for *Down-Hall*; for the Guide he was got;
The *Chariot* was mounted; the *Horses* did trot;
The *Guide* he did bring us a Dozen Mile round;
But O! all in vain; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

O! thou *Popish Guide*, thou hast led us astray.
Says he; how the Devil shou'd I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this Road in my Life:
But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, answer'd *M A T T H E W*, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told Thee of half the bye-ways she had trod:
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to *Thy House*,
But Thou shalt go home without ever a Soufe.

What is this Thing, *MORLEY*, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.
Have Patience, soft, *MORLEY* in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us send off our *Guide*.

O here I spy *Down*: cast your Eye to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-Mill* so stately stands plainly Consett.
On the *West*, reply'd *M A T T H E W*, no *Wind-Mill* I find:
As well Thou mayst tell me, I see the *West-Wind*.

Now pardon me, *MORLEY*, the *Wind-Mill* I spy,
But faithful *A CHATES*, no House is there nigh.
Look again, says mild *MORLEY*, Gadzooks you are blind:
The Mill stands before; and the *House* lies behind.

26 POEMS on several Occasions.

O now a low rain'd White Sh'd I discern,
Until'd and unglaz'd, I believe 'tis a Barn.
A Barn? why you rave? 'Tis a House for a Squire,
A Justice of Peace; or a Knight of our Shire.

A House shou'd be built, or with Brick, or with Stone.
Why, 'tis Plaister and Lath; and I think, that's all One.
And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
Been called a HALL, and has given its Name

To DOW N, down, bey derry down.

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a Hall;
The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall —
With your Friend JEMMY GIBB'S about Buildings agree,
My Busines is Land; and it matters not me.

I wish you cou'd tell, what a Duce your Head ails:
I shew'd you Down-Hall; did you look for Versailles?
Then take House and Farm, as JOHN BALLET will let you;
For Better, for Worse, as I took my Dame-BETTY.

And, now, Sir, a Word to the Wise is enough;
You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff;
And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow simple;
Are you Young and Rich, like the Master of Wimpey?

* The Earl of Oxford.

POEMS on several Occasions.

27

If You have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
From Twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings:
And in Yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate;
Ere you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate.

Now let Us touch Thumbs, and be Friends ere we part.
Here, JOHN, is my Thumb; and here, M A T, is my Heart,
To Halfstead I speed; and You go back to Town.
Thus ends the First Part of the Ballad of DOWN.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.



C 2

A N



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Esq;

Written Anno, 1689.

WHEN crowding Folks, with strange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And some with Passents, some with Merits,
Tir'd out my good Lord Dorset's Spirit;
Sneaking I stood, amongst the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the Clock struck Thrice,
And Footman brought out fifty Lies;
'Till Patience vext, and Legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:

H A

S C

B

POEMS on several Occasions. 29

But did opine, it might be better,
By Penny-Post to send a Letter :
Now, if you miss of this Epistle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.
My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little Place ;
And fair Pretensions I have for't,
Much Need, and very small Desert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle:
Ask'd for me, *from my Lord* *, things fitting,
Kind as I'd been your own begetting,
Confirm what formerly you've given
Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens,
As Sunderland has left *Mun Stephens.*

No Family that takes a Whelp,
When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,
When He's grown up to Dog's Estate:
Nor Parish if they once adopt
The spurious Brats by Strolers dropt,
Leave 'em when grown up Lusty Fellows,
To the wide World, that is the Gallows :
No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
Than if they'd throtled 'em at Nurse.

* Earl of Dorset.

30 POEMS on several Occasions.

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving *;
Taught me with Cider to replenish
My Vats, or ebbing Tide of Rhenish.
So when for Hock I drew Prickt White-wine,
Swear 't had the Flavour, and was right Wine:
Or sent me with Ten Pounds to Furnival's Inn, to some good Rogue- Attorney;
Where now, by forging Deeds, and cheating,
I 'ad found some handsom ways of getting.

All this, You made me quit to follow
That sneaking Whey-fac'd God Apollo;
Sent me among a Fidling Crew
Of Folks, I 'ad never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more Invectives to it,
You spoil'd a Youth to make a Poet.
In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.
Among all honest Christian People,
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some Way,
And your Petitioner shall pray —

* His Uncle was a Vintner,

There's One thing more, I had almost sipt,

But that may do as well in Postscript;

My Friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;

Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd.

That ~~was~~ ^{was} most ^{useful} while ^{the} ~~other~~ ^{was} starvd. *

Ad Virum doctissimum, & Amicum,
Dominum SAMUELEM SHAW, dum
Theses de Ictero pro Gradu Doctoris
defenderet.

Phæbopens Sævis Morbis vel laedere Gentes,
Lælas solerti vel relevare Manu,
Aspice tu Decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitius quantum prostris in Arte Labor:
Non Ictrum posthac Pestemve minaberis Oribi,
Fortius hic Juvenis dum Medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc Iras, & Nato Carmina dona;
Neglectum Telum dejice, sume Lyram.

Matthias Prior, A.M. & Colleg.
4 Junii 1692. Divi. Joann. Cantab. Socius.

* Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, gained so much Reputation by Transversing Mr. Dryden's HIND and PANTHER, to the Story of the City Mouse and Country Mouse, that he was called MOUSE Montague. But here Mr. Prior claims an equal Share in the Performance.



IMITATED by Mr. COOKE.

To my Learned Friend

S A M U E L S H A W,

A T

Taking his DOCTOR's Degree, and
Defending a Thesis on the JAUNDICE.

O! PHOEBUS, Deity, whose pow'rful Hand

Can spread Diseases thro' the joyful Land,

Alike all pow'rful to relieve the Pain,

And bid the groaning Nations smile again;

When SHAW, our Pride, you see, Confess you find

In Him what Art can do with Labour join'd;

No more the World the Jaundice Threats shall fear,

While he, the Youth, our Remedy, is near;

Suppress thy Rage, with Verse thy Son inspire,

The Dart neglected to assume the Lyre.

ED



THE
REMEDY,
Worse than the
DISEASE.
I.

I Sent for RADCLIFFE, was so ill,
That other Doctors gave me over,
He felt my Pulse, prescribed His Pill,
And I was likely to recover.

II.
But when the Wit began to wheeze,
And Wme had warm'd the Politician,
Cur'd Yesterday of my Disease,
I died last Night of my Physician.





ON

BISHOP ATTERBURY'S
Burying His Grace
BY JOHN SHEFFIELD,
DUKE of Buckinghamshire, 1721.

I have no Hopes, the Duke he says, and Dies;
In sure and certain Hopes — the Prelate cries:
Of These Two learned Peers, I pr'ythee say, Man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman?
The Duke he stands an Infidel Confest,
He's our dear Brother quoth the Lordly Priest.
The Duke, tho' Knave; still Brother donk he cries,
And, who can say, the Rev'rend Prelate lies?

AN



O D E.

In Imitation of the Second ODE of
the Third Book of HORACE.

Written Augt 59th

HOW long, deluded man, wilt thou lie? *
In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,
By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,
Has softly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes!

* Angustum, amici, Pauperiem pati

Robustus acri Militia Puer, ab illi superavit *
Condiscat; & Parvus feroxes
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ:

Or

Or Wake, deg'n'rate Isle, or cease to own
 What Thy Old Kings in *Gallic Camps* have done;
 The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns They won:
 WILLIAM (so Fate requires) again is Arm'd;
 Thy Father to the Field is gone:
 Again M A R I A weeps Her absent Lord
 For Thy Repose content to Rule alone.
 Are Thy Enervate Sons not yet alarm'd?
 When WILLIAM Fights, dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their Ancient Fame Restor'd,
 As nor to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's Sword?

See the repenting Isle awakes,
 Her vicious Chains the gen'rous Goddess breaks;
 The Fogs around Her Temples are dispell'd;
 Abroad She looks, and sees Arm'd Belgia stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;
 Her Lions roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in her Hands,
 And blushing to have been so long withheld;
 Weeps off Her Crime, and hastens to the Field:
 Henceforth Her Youth shall be incur'd to bear
 Hazardous Toil and Active War:
 To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat,
 Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat.

* *Vitamque sub die, & trepidis agne
 In rebus.*

And only grieve in Winter Camps to find,
Its Days too short for Labours they design'd:
All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to watch,
All Day to mount the Trench, to storm the Breach,

And all the rugged Paths to tread,

Where WILLIAM, and his Virtue lead.

Silence is the Soul of War; in which of French &c.
Delib'rate Counsel must prepare
The mighty Work, which Valour must complete;
Thus WILLIAM rescues, thus preserves the State;
Thus teaches Us to think and dare;
As whilst his Cannon just prepar'd to breathe
Avenging Anger and swift Death;
In the try'd Mettle the close Danger's glow;

And now, too late, the dying Foe

Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow;
So whilst in WILLIAM's Breast ripe Counsels lie,
Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
No more of His Design appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's Fears;
And (though Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)

Distracted Lewis can descry

Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

Est & fidelis tutam silentio
Mores; &c.

38 POEMS on several Occasions.

On Norman Coasts, and Banks of frighted Seine,
Lo! the impending Storms begin:
Britannia safely through her Master's Sea,
Ploughs up her Victorious Way.
The French SALMONEUS throws his Bolts in vain,
Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main:
'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,
Swift Victory in vengeful Flames
Burns down the Pride of their Presumptuous Names;
They run to Shipwreck to avoid our Fire,
And the torn Vessels that regain their Course
Are but sad Marks to shew, the rest are lost:
All this the Mild, the Beauxious, Queen has done,
And WILLIAMS so far shakes Lewis' Throne.

MARIA does the Sea command,
Whilst Gallia flies her Husband's Arm by Land,
So, the Sun absent, with full Sway the Moon
Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone;
So Juno thunders when her Foe is gone,
Io Britannia! loose thy Ocean's Chains,
Whilst Russel strikes the Blow Thy Queen ordains:
Thus Rescu'd, thus Rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the Counsel, and reward the Hand,
Io Britannia! thy MARIA Reigns.

V. From

P O E M S on several Occasions. 32

V.

From MARY's Conquests, and the Reseud Main *,
Let France look forth to Sambre's armed Shore,
And boast her Joy for WILLIAM's Death no more.
He lives, let France confess, the Victor lives;
Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
In which that ONE ♀ of Lewis' MANY Wives,
Who by the baleful Force of guilty Charms,
Has long enthrall'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,
Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'r's on high,
Cast around her mournful Eye,

And with Prophetic Sorrow cry:

Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
Why does Despair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lion's generous Rage;
The rav'ous Vulture, and the Bird of Night,
As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's Flight,

Illum ex maenibus hostiis.

Matrona bellantis tyrannus
Prospiciens, & adulta virgo;

Suspirat: Eheu! ne rudit agminum

Sponsus lacepsat regius asperum

Tactu leonem, quem cruenta

Per medias rapit Ira Gades.

‡ Madam Maintenon.

A

As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy
 Yon' Hero, crown'd with blooming Victory,
 Just triumphing o'er Rebel-Rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from Battles gain'd.
 See! all yon' dusty Field's quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile Troops, and **ORANGE** at their Head,

ORANGE destin'd to complete
 The great Designs of labouring Fate,
ORANGE, the Name that Tyrants dread:
 He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more,
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,
Darius flies, Young *Ammon* urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious Battle's mingled Heat,
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing *.
 Impatient to secure a base Retreat:
 Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,
 * For the vile Privilege to breathe,
 To live with Shame in dread of glorious Death?
 In vain: for Fate has swifter Wings than Fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the Rear,
 Dying and Mad the Traitor bites the Ground,
 His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;

* *Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori.*
Mors & fugacem persequitur Virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventa
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

Whill

P O E M S on several Occasions. 43

Whilst through the fiercest Troops, and thickest Press,
Virtue carries on Success;
Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd Brave,
And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels save.

VII.

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives,
Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives;
Eneas suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
The Hero's Acts enlarg'd the Poet's Thought,
Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage
Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd Ages;
Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terror drowns
With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds;
Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,
From Danger as from Honour far,
He bribes close Murder against open War:
In vain you *Gallic* Muses strive
With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive,
Your mouldring Monuments in vain you raise
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are profane,
'Tis Incense to an Idol given,
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus'* Man
That had no Soul from Heav'n.
Against his Will you chain your frightened King
On rapid Rhine's divided Banks
And Mock your Hero, whilst ye Sing
The Wounds for which he never bled;

Falstaff

42 POEMS, on several Occasions.

Falshood does poison on your Praise diffuse,
And Lewis' Fear gives Death to Boileau's Muse.

VIII.

On its own Worth True Majesty is rear'd *,
And Virtue is her own Reward,
With solid Beams and native Glory bright,
She neither Darkness dreads, nor covets Light;
True to Her-self, and fix'd to inborn Laws,
Nor sunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applause,
She from Her settled Orb looks calmly down,
On Life or Death, a Prison, or a Crown.
When bound in double Chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign Arms, and inward Strife a Prey,
Whilst One Good Man buoy'd up Her sinking State.

A Virtue labour'd against Fate,
When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind;
When Storms let loose, and raging Seas,
Just ready the torn Vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,
Nor all the Siren Songs of future Peace,
And dazzling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,
Could lure his stubborn Virtue down;

* *Virtus, repulsa, nescia, sordida,*

Intaminatis fulget honoribus;

Nec sumit aue, ponit securas

Arborio popularis aura.

But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He stood,

To that which was severely good;

Then, had no Trophies justify'd his Fame,

No Poet blest his Song with NASSAU's Name,

Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,

And Heaven as plainly pointed out The KING,

As when He at the Altar stood

In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,

Whilst at His Feet religious Britain bow'd,

And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maeze, and Boyne's victorious Flood;

(For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)

When WILLIAM's Armies past, did He retire,

Or view from far the Battle's distant Fire?

Cou'd He believe his Person was too dear?

Or use His Greatness to conceal His Fear?

Cou'd Pray'r's or Sighs the dauntless Hero move?

Arm'd with Heav'n's Justice, and His People's Love,

Thro' the first Waves He wing'd His vent'rous Way,

And on the adverse Shore arose,

(Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)

Like the great Ruler of the Day,

With Strength and Swiftness mounting from the Seas;

Like Him all Day He toil'd but long in Night,

The God has eas'd His weary'd Light,

Ere Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,

Or WILLIAM's Labour's found Repose?

When

44 POEMS on several Occasions.

When His Troops falter'd, slept not He between?
Restor'd the dubious Fight again,
Mark'd out the Coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting Brave to Victory?
Still as she fled Him, did He not o'ertake
Her doubtful course, and brought Her Bleeding back?
By his keen Sword did not the boldest fall?
Was he not King, Commander, Soldier All—
His Dangers such, as with becoming Dread,
His Subjects yet Unborn shall Weep to Read;
And were not those the only Days that e'er
The Pious Prince refus'd to hear
His Friends Advices, or His Subjects Pray'r..

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful Water turns;
Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns;
To Belgia's sav'd Dominions, and the Sea,
Whose righted Wayes rejoice in WILLIAM's Sway.
Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,
Here Holland Prosper'd, for here ORANGE Fought,
Through Rapid Waters, and through flying Fire,
Here rush'd the Prince, Here made whole France retire—
By diff'rent Nations be his Valour blest,
In diff'rent Languages confess,
And then let Shannon Speak the rest:
Let Shannon Speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,
And only ask'd some Lives to Bribe her o'er;

The

P O E M S on several Occasions. 45

The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,
With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,
And Scorning Glory at a Price too great,
With so much Pow'r, such Piety did join,
As made a Perfect Virtue soar

A Pitch unknown to Man before,
And lifted Shannon's Waves o'er those of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only share
The Prosp'rous Fruits of his Indulgent Reign;
His Enemies approve the Pious War,
Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain:
More than his Sword his Goodness strikes his Foes;
They Bless His Arms, and Sigh they must oppose.
Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
And 'tis for Man's Delight that He is Great:
Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
If He were more a Victor, or a Friend:
So much His Courage and His Mercy strive,
He Wounds to Cure; and Conquers to Forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes, who have Fought your Country's Cause,
Redress'd Her Injuries or Fortin'd Her Laws,
To my Advent'rous Song just Witness bear,
Assit the Pious Musc, and bear Her Swear,
That

46th POEMS on several Occasions.

That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
But solid Story, and severest Truth,
That *WILLIAM* treasures up a greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age can boast:

* And all that Ancient Stock of Fame

He did from His Fore-Fathers take.
He has improv'd, and gives with Int'rest back;
And in his Constellation does unite
Their scatter'd Rays of fainter Light:
Above or Envy's lash, or Fortune's Wheel,
That settled Glory shall for ever dwell
Above the Rolling Orbs, and common Sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall Die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? Where thoughtless to return?

Is her short-liv'd Vessel borne,
By potent Winds too subject to be lost?
And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore

Where our abandon'd Youth She sees
Shipwrack'd in Luxury, and lost in Ease;
Whom nor Britannia's Danger can alarm,

Nor *WILLIAM*'s Exemplary Virtue warm:

* *Virtus, recludens immensis mori*
Cœlum, negatq; terras iste via pluia
Cætusque vulgares &c. uadam
Spernit humum, fugiente pennâ.

Tell 'em howe'er the King can yet Forgive
 Their Guilty Sloth, their Homage yet Receive,
 And let their wounded Honour live:
 But sure and sudden be their just Remorse;
 Wilt be their Virtues Rise, and strong its Course; +
 or though for certain Years and destin'd Times,
 Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;
 Though Jove seem'd Negligent of human Cares,
 Nor Scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
 His Justice now demands the equal Scales,
 Edition is suppress'd, and Truth prevails:
 Late its great End by slow Degrees attains,
 And Europe is Redeem'd and WILLIAM Reigns.

* ——— *Sape Diespiter*

Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum.
Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit Pede paena clasudo.



VERSES

Spoke to the

LADY Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley,

In the LIBRARY of
St. John's COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

November the 19th, Anno 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE ANNA visited the Muses-Seat,
(Around her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)
Hail THOU, the Brightest of thy Sex, and Best,
Most gracious Neighbour* and most welcome Guest.
Not HARLEY's Self to Cam and Isis dear,
In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD's Heir,
Not He such present Honours shall receive,
As to his CONSORT We aspire to give.

* The Seat of this noble Family is at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire.

VERSES

Writings

Writings of Men our Thoughts to Day neglects,
 To pay due Homage to the Softer-Sex :
Plato and *Tully* we forbear to read,
 And their great Foll'wers whom this House has bred,
 To study Lessons from Thy Morals given,
 And shining Characters, impress'd by Heaven.
 Science in Books no longer We pursue,
Minerva's Self in *HARRIET's* Face we view;
 For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
 We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.

Their pious Incense let our Neighbours bring,
 To the kind Mem'ry of some bounteous King,

With grateful Hand, due Altars let them raise,
 To some good *Knight's* or holy *Prelate's* Praise; *

We tune our Voices to a nobler Theme,
 Your Eyes we bless, your Praises we proclaim,
Saint John's was founded in a *Woman's* Name.
 Enjoin'd by Statute, to the Fair We bow;
 In Spite of Time, We keep our ancient Vow;
 What *Margaret Tudor* was, is *Harriet Harley* now.

* Sir Thomas White was the Founder of St. John's College, Oxon; and their greatest Benefactor, next to Ham, was Archbishop Laud.



TO POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



PROLOGUE
TO THE
ORPHAN.

Represented by some of the Westminster
Scholars, at Hickford's Dancing-Room
in Panton-Street near Leicester-Fields,
the Second of February, 1720.

Spoken by the Lord DUPLIN, who acted
CORDELIO.†

WHAT! wou'd my humble Comrades have me say
Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the Play?
Such Work by Hireling Actors shou'd be done,
Whom you may Clap or His for half a Crown:
Our gen'rous Scenes for Friendship We repeat;
And if we don't Delight; at least we Treat.

† The Page in the ORPHAN.

Poems on several Occasions.

Ours is the Damage, if We chance to blunder,
We may be ask'd whose PATENT We are under?

How shall We gain you *Alamode de France*?
We hir'd this Room; but none of Us can Dance
In cutting Capers We shall never please:
Our Learning does not lie below our Knees.

Shall We procure You Symphony and Sound?
Then You must Each subscribe Two hundred Pound,
There We shou'd fail too, as to Point of Voice:
Mistake Us not; *We're no ITALIAN Boys*:
True BRITONS Born; from *Westminster* We come;
And only speak the Style of ancient ROME.
We wou'd Deserve, not poorly beg Applause;
And stand or fall by *Freind's* and *Bushy's* Laws.

For the *Distrus'd* Your Pity We implore:
If once refus'd, We'll trouble You no more,
But leave our *Orphan* squalling at your Door.





THE
CONVERSATION.
A
T A L E.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the Company You meet;
And sure there may be secret Danger,
In talking much before a Stranger.
Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale.
I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:
The Persons were but odly mixt;
When Sober D A M O N thus began:
(And D A M O N is a clever Man)
I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,
Have held for Modesty and Truth.
The Men who by these Sea-marks steer,
In Life's great Voyage never Err:
Upon this Point I dare defy
The World: I pause for a Reply.

P O E M S on several Occasions. 53.

Sir, Either is a good Assistant:
Said One who sat a little distant:
Truth decks our Speeches and our Books;
And Modesty adorns our Looks:
But farther Progress we must take,
Not only born to Look and Speak:
The Man must *A&Z.* The STAGYRITE.
Says thus, and says extremely right:
Strict Justice is the Sov'reign Guide,
That o'er our Actions shou'd preside:
This Queen of Virtues is confess'd,
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice Happy, if you can but find
Her equal Balance poize your Mind:
All diff'rent Graces soon will enter,
Like Lines concurrent to their Center.

'Twas thus, in short, these Two went on,
With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*,
Thro' many Poiats divinely Dark,
And WATERLAND assaulting CLARKE;
'Till, in Theology half lost,
DAMON took up The Evening-Post;
Confounded SPAIN compos'd the NORTH,
And deep in Politicks held forth.

Methinks we're in the like Condition,
As at the TREATY OF PARTITION:
That Stroke, for all King WILLIAM's Care,
Begat another tedious War.

54 POEMS on several Occasions

MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that Mystic League:
In the vile U T R E C H T T R E A T Y too,
Poor Man, he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply ;
But down-right Dunstable was I,
And told him, where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him to save his Bacon :
But (pass his Politicks and Prose)
I never herded with his Foes ;
Nay, in his Verses, as a Friend,
I still found Something to commend :
Sir, I excus'd his N U T - B R O W N - M A T D ;
Whate'er severer Criticks said :
Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd :
The Women All were on my Side.
For A L M A I return'd him Thanks :
I lik'd her with her little Franks :
Indeed, poor S O L O M O N in Rebime,
Was much too Grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON scorn Transitions :
So on he ran a new Division ;
'Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit :
(Chance often helps us more than Wit)
T'other that lucky Moment took,
Just nick'd the Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
(If we may take old TULLY's Word)

The

P O E M S on several Occasions. 55.

The greatest is a Friend ; whose Love
Knows how to Praise, and when & reprove:
From such a Treasure never part,
But hang the Jewel on your Heart:
And, pray, Sir (it delights me) tell;
You know this Author mighty well —
Know him ! d'ye question it ? Ods fish !
Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish ?
I lov'd him, as I told you, I
Advis'd him — Here a Stander-by
Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloke,
And thus, unwilling, Silence broke,
DAMON, 'tis time we shou'd retire :
The Man you talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, and from thy Birth my Friend,
DORSET, to Thee, this Fable let me send :
With DAMON's Lightness weigh thy solid Worth :
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth :
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS live.

July, 1721.





C O L I N'S
MISTAKES.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

*Me ludit Amabilis
Insania.* Hor.

I.

F AST by the Banks of Cam was Colin bred:
(Ye Nymphs, for ever guard that sacred Stream;) To Wimpole's woody Shade his Way he sped:
(Flourish those Woods, the Muses endless Theme.) As whilom Colin ancient Books had read
Lays Greek and Roman wou'd he oft rehearse,
And much he lov'd, and much by Heart he said,
What Father Spenser sung in British Verse.
Who reads that Bard, desires like him to write,
Still fearful of Success, still tempted by Delight.

SMITH

II. Soon

II.

Soon as Aurora had unbarr'd the Morn,
And Light discover'd Nature's cheerful Face;
The sounding Clarion, and the sprightly Horn
Call'd the blythe Huntsman to the distant Chase.
Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly Band;
The deep-mouth'd Hounds with Thunder rend the Air;
The fiery Couriers strike the rising Sand;
Far thro' the Thicket flies the frightened Deer;
Harley the Honour of the Day supports;
His Presence glads the Wood; his Orders guide the Sports.

III.

On a fair Palfrey well equip't did sit
An Amazonian-Dame; a scarlet Vest
For active Horsemanship adaptly fit
Inclos'd her dainty Limbs; a plumed Crest
Wav'd o'er her Head; obedient by her Side
Her Friends and Servants rode; with artful Hand
Full well knew she the Steed to turn and guide:
The willing Steed receiv'd her soft Command:
Courage and Sweetness in her Face were seated;
On her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wishes waited.

58 POEMS on several Occasions.

IV.

This seeing, *Colin* thus his *Muse* bespake:
For altydes was the *Muse* to *Colin* nigh,
Ah me too nigh! Or, *Clio*, I mistake;
Or that bright Form that pleaseth so mine Eye,
Is *Jove's* fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
Of lib'ral Arts; with Wonder and Delight
In *Homer's* Verse we read her; well I ween,
That em'lous of his *Grecian* Master's Flight,
Dan Spenser makes the fav'rite Goddess known;
When in her graceful Look fair *Erisomare* is shown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Castle came,
Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepar'd the Feast;
Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
The Lord's Delight, the Wonder of the Guest.
With Pearl and Jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
As well became her Dignity and Place;
But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,
To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
Serene with Glory, and with Softness bright:
O Beauty sent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight!

VI. Lib'ral

VI.

Lib'ral Munificence behind her stood;
And decent State obey'd her high Commands;
And Charity diffuse of native Good
At once portrayes her Mind, and guides her Hands
As to each Guest some Fruits she deign'd to lift,
And Silence with obliging Pastry broke;
How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted Gift;
But how more gracious what the Giver spoke?
Such Ease, such Freedom did her Deed attend,
That ev'ry Guest rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth Colin; Clio, if my feeble Sense
Can well distinguish yon illustrious Dame,
Who nobly doth such gentle Gifts dispense;
In Latin Numbers Juno is her Name,
Great Goddess, who with Peace and Plenty crown'd
To all that under Sky breathe: yea! Air
Diffuseth Bliss, and through the World around
Pours weakly Ease, and scatters joyous Chear;
Certes of her in-seamblant Guise I read;
Where Spenser decks his Lays with Gloriana's Deed.

VIII.

VIII.

As *Colin* mus'd at Ev'ning near the Wood;
 A Nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him past,
 Down to her Feet her filken Garment flow'd:
 A-Ribbon bound and shap'd her slender Waist:
 A Veil dependent from her comely Head,
 And beauteous Plenty of ambrosial Hair,
 O'er her fair Breast and lovely Shoulders spread,
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the Air.
 The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers:
 They kiss'd the waving Lawn, and wasted it to others.

IX.

Daisies and Violets rose, where'er she trod;
 As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had sorted:
 And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's mystic God;
 Ten thousand *Loves* around the Nymph disported.
 Quoth *Colin*; now I ken the Goddess bright,
 Whom Poets sing: All human Hearts enthrall'd,
 Obey her Pow'r; her Kindness the Delight
 Of Gods and Men; great *Venus* she is call'd,
 When *Mantuan* *VIRGIL* doth her Charms rehearses;
Belphebe is her Name, in gentle *Edmund's* Verse.

X. Heard:

X.

Heard this the *Muse*, and with a Smile reply'd,
Which shew'd soft Anger mixt with friendly Love;
Twin Sisters still were Ignorance and Pride;
Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove?
But, *Colin*, well I wist, will never learn:
Who slight his Guide shall deviate from his Way;
Me to have ask'd what thou cou'dst not discern,
To Thee pertain'd; to Me the thing to say.
What Heav'ly Will from Human Eye conceals,
How can the Bard aread, unless the *Muse* reveals?

XL.

Nor *Pallas* Thou, nor *Britomart* hast seen;
When soon at Morn the flying Deer was chac'd;
Nor *Jove's* great Wife, nor *Spenser's* Fairy Queen
At Noontyde dealt the Honors of the Feast;
Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* didst thou spy,
The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
Bright *Ca'ndish-Holles-Harley* stood confess,
At various Hour advis'd, in various Habit drest.

To,



To the Right Honourable the

COUNTESS DOWAGER

OF

DEVONSHIRE,

ON A

PIECE of WISSEN's;

Wherein were all her GRANDSONS
Painted.

WISSEN and Nature held a long Contest,
If She Created, or He Painted best;
With pleasing Thought the wond'rous Combat grew;
She, still form'd fairer; He, still liker drew.

In these Sev'n Brethren, they contended last,
With Art increas'd, their utmost Skill they try'd,
And Both well pleas'd, they had Themselves surpass'd,
The Goddess triumph'd, and the Painter dy'd.

That

P O E M S on several Occasions. c³

That Both, their Skill to this vast Height did raise
Be Ours the Wonder, and be Yours the Praise:
For here, as in some Glass, is well deserv'd
Only your self thus often multiply'd.
When Heav'n had You and Gracious Anna* made,
What more exalted Beauty cou'd it add?
Having no nobler Images in Store,
It but kept up to them, nor cou'd do more
Than copy well, what it well fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's gen'rous Face we see
Obliging Truth, and handsome Honesty;
With all that World of Charms, which soon will move
Rev'rence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones Love:
His ev'ry Grace, his fair Descent assures,
He has his Mother's Beauty, She has Thine,
If ev'ry Cecil's Face had ev'ry Charm,
That Thought can fancy, or that Heav'n can form;
Their Beauties all become your Beauty's Due,
They are all Fair, because they're all like You.
If ev'ry Candish great and charming Look,
From You that Air, from You the Charms they took!
In their each Limb, your Image is express,
But on their Drow-firm Courage stands confess;
There, their great Father by a strong Increase,
Adds Strength to Beauty, and compleats the Piece,
Thus still your Beauty, in your Sons, we view,
WISSEN Sev'n-Times One great Perfection drew,
Whoever sat, the Picture still is You.

* Eldest Daughter of the Countess.

64. POEMS on several Occasions.

So when the Parent-Sun with genial Beams,
Has Animated many goodly Gems;
He sees himself improv'd, while ev'ry Stone,
With a resembling Light, reflects a Sun.

So when great *Rhea* many *Births* had giv'n;
Such as might govern Earth, and people Heav'n;
Her Glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,
She saw the *Deity* in every *Son*:
And to what *God* soe'er *Men* Altars rais'd,
Hon'ring the Off-spring, they the *Mother* prais'd.

In short-liv'd Charms let others place their Joys
Which Sickness blasts, and certain Age destroys:
Your stronger *Beauty*, Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your Race.

Ab! *Wiffen*, had thy *Art* been so refin'd,
As with their *Beauty*, to have drawn their *Mind*
Thro' circling Years thy Labours wou'd survive,
And living Rules to fairest Virtue give,
To Men unborn, and Ages yet to live;
'Twould still be Wonderful, and still be New,
Against what Time, or Spite, or Fate cou'd do,
'Till *Thine* confus'd with *Nature's* Picces lie,
And *Cavendish's* Name, and *Cecil's* Honour Dic.



The Female PHAETON.

I.

THUS Kitty* Beautiful and Young,
And wild as Colt untam'd;
Bespoke the FAIR from whence she sprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
Which wise Mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vext to play the Saint,
Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy Books, confin'd,
With Abigail's forsaken?
Kitty's for other Things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken,

* Duchess of Queensberry.

IV. Mast

66 POEMS on several Occasions.

IV.

Must Lady Finney brisk about,
And visit with her Cousins?
At Balls must She make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has she Better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boast,
That all Mankind for her shou'd die,
Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

VI.

Dearest Mamma, for once let me
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my Earl, as well as She, +
Or know the Reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with Finney's Pride quit Scorne,
Make all her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at ali.

+ The Earl of Essex married Her. She died in France, 1725.

Vol. VI.

VIII. Fondness

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire.
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the *World* on Fire.

The Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHEN Kneller's Works of various Grace,
Were to fair VENUS shewn,
The Goddess spy'd in ev'ry Face
Some Features of her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her Hand),
So shone, says she my Eyes,*
When from Two Goddesses I gain'd
An Apple for a Prize.

* *Lady Ranelagh.*

III. When

68 POEMS on several Occasions.

III.

When in the Glass, and River too,
My Face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the Glass be true,
If true, the Crystal Flood.

IV.

In Colours of This glorious kind \ddagger
Apelles painted Me;
My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,
Sprung from my Native Sea.

V,

Like this disorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with Ten Thousand Fears,
Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,
Ev'n Beautiful in Tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey's* Art
Has far surpass'd Thine here.

\ddagger *Lady SALISBURY.* * *Lady JANE DOUGLAS,*
Sister to the Duke of DOUGLAS.

Or

POEMS on several Occasions. 69

VII.

Or I, a Goddess of the Skies,
By Myra am undone,
And must resign to her the Prize,
The Apple, which I won :

VIII.

But soon as she had Myra seen
Majestically Fair,
The sparkling Eye, the Look serene,
The gay and easy Air.

IX.

With fiery Emulation fill'd,
The wond'ring Goddess cry'd,
Apelles must to *Kneller* yield.
Or *Venus* must to *HYDE*.



TO



TO
C L O E.

I.

WHILST I am scorch'd with Hot Desire,
In vain Cold Friendship you return;
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the Flame supprest
That kills the Heart it beats too fast,
Take half my Passion to your Breast,
The rest in mine shall ever last.



EPITAPH



E P I T A P H,

For HIMSELF,

Spoken *EXTEMPORE.*

NOBLES, and HERALDS by your leave,
Here * lie the Bones of MATTHEW PRIOR;
The Son of ADAM, and of EVE,
Let BOURBON, or NASSAU, go higher.

* Alluding to Westminster-Abbey.



ORIGINAL

Poisonous Gourds

EPISTOLAE

AD INSCULPTAM

LIBERIA IMPOR

mentum regale et libe
rariae et publicae et
privatae et deinde
magistrorum et consiliorum
et regis et reginae et
duorum regum et reginae

et regis et reginae et
duorum regum et reginae

JANUARIO



ORIGINAL POEMS

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.



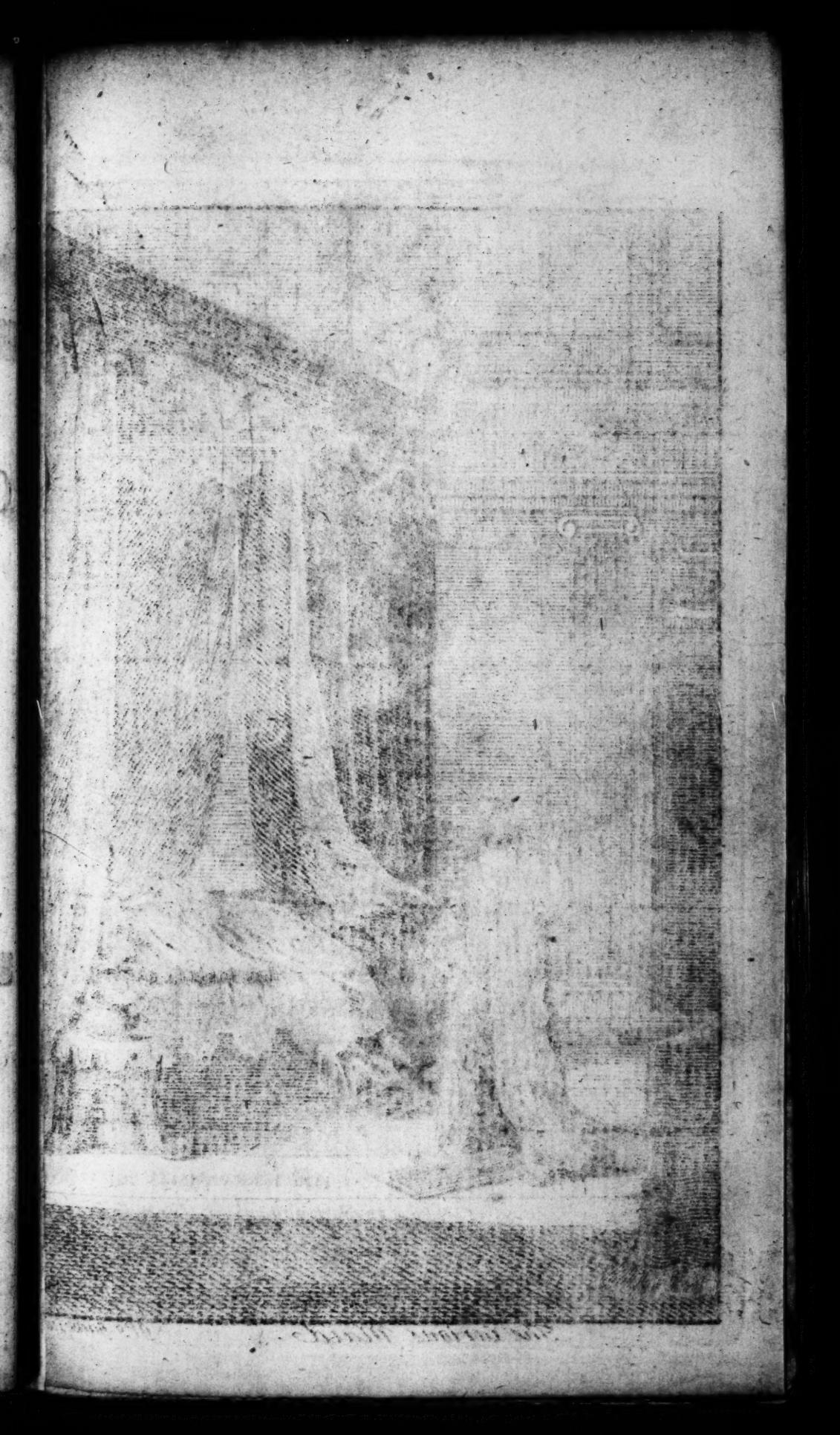
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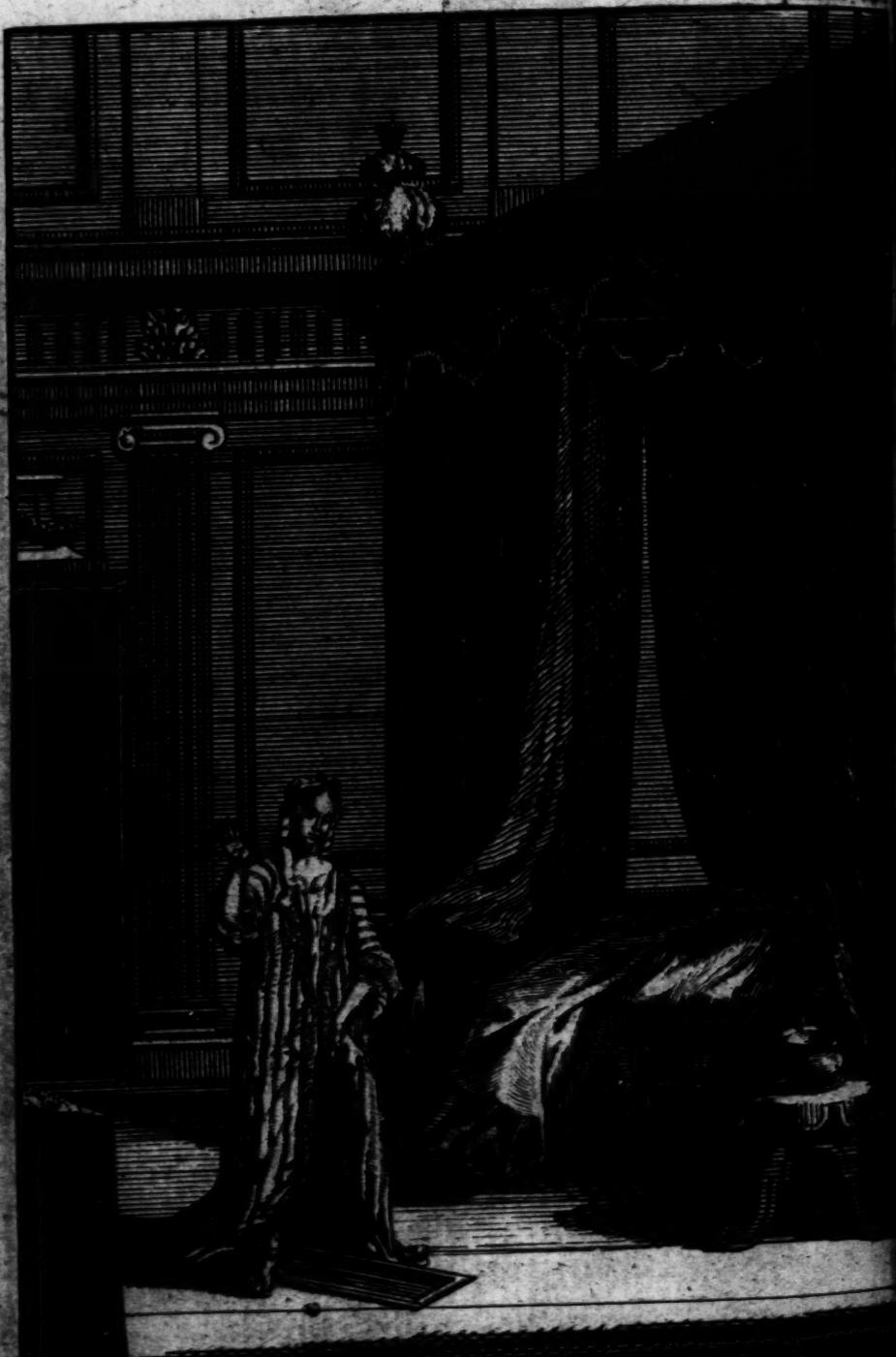
ORIGINAL EDITION

BY

CHARLES HANNAH

2





The Curious Maid

91.5.3



THE
CURIOUS MAID:
A

T A L E.
An Imitation of Mr. PRIOR.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq;

Obstupuit; sicuterunique Comæ.

BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
Within the Entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

76 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thus CLOE, beautiful, and gay,
As on her Bed the Wanton lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conquests of the Day before.

And what's this bidden Charm? (she cry'd)
And spurn'd th'embracing Clothes aside
From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue,
As TITIAN's Pencil never drew,
Resolv'd the Dark-Abode to trace,
Of Female Honour, or Disgrace;
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt she makes, and buckles to
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
Still, as she bent, the Part-requir'd,
As conscious of its Shame, retir'd.

What's to be done? We're all a-ground!
Some other Method must be found —
Water NARCISSUS Face cou'd show,
And why not CLOE's Charms below?
Big with this Project, she applies
The JORDAN to her Virgin Thighs;
But the dull LAKE her Wish denies.

What Luck is here? We're foild again!
The DEVIL's in the Dice, that's plain!

No Chymist e'er was so perplex'd;
 No jilted Coxcomb half so vex'd;
 No Bard, whose gentler Muse excels
 At Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom-Wells,
 Ordain'd, by PHOEBUS' special Grace,
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,
 E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
 To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand !
 For lo! the *Glas* — ay, That, indeed !
 'Tis Ten to One we now succeed !
 To this Relief she flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the *Shining-Plain*,
 The *shining-Plain* reflects at large
 All DAMON's Wish and CLOE's Charge,
 The CURIOUS MAID in deep Surprize,
 On the GRIM-FEATURE fix'd her Eyes :
 (Far less amaz'd AENEA stood,
 When by AVERNU'S sacred Flood,
 He saw HELL'S Portal fring'd with Wood.)

And is this ALL, is this (she cry'd)
 MAN'S great Desire, and WOMAN'S Pride ;
 The Spring whence flows the Lover's Pain,
 The Ocean where 'tis lost again,
 By FATE for ever doom'd to prove
 The Nursery and GRAVE of Love ?

78 POEMS on several Occasions.

O Thou of dire and horrid Men,
And always better felt than seen!
Fit Rapture for the gloomy Night,
O, never more approach the Light!
Like other MYST'RIES Men adore,
Be HIS to be REVER'D the more!



POEMS on several Occasions. 79



THE
SILENT FLUTE:

OR, THE

MEMBERS SPEECH

TO THEIR

SOVERAIGN.

Henceforth Italian Concerts must be mute,

No Instrument is like the SILENT FLUTE.

O THOU, design'd by Nature to confound,
And in the Centre plac'd to guide the Whole,
What Praise to suit thy Merit shall we bring,
Or how, Great Limb, thy nervous Glory sing?

80 Poems on several Occasions.

From Thee our nobler Talents we derive,
Courage to act, and Cunning to contrive,
With Thee we flourish, and with Thee we fall,
Of Health thou sure Prognostick to us all.

When Chance or Vigour does expose thy Face,
Tho' Prudes may frown, and gravely quit the Place,
Soft Maids, with giddy Eyes, thy Lustre see,
Dazzled, like Slaves, at Eastern Majesty;
They smile, and blush, and peep, and fly, and turn,
And in the pleasing Conflict chide, and burn;
No Steel like Thee their Paleness can relieve;
E'en Widows by thy Aid forget to grieve.

What, tho' with Blood thy Conquests oft are stain'd?
To either Party's Joy they still are gain'd;
Nor dost thou swell, vain-glorious, with Success;
But after Action still retir'd, and less,
The Hero and the Sage at once confess.

That thou art just, thy very Foes agree,
Partial to no Condition or Degree,
Nor e'er consult the Fair One's Pedigree;
But visit both the Wealthy and the Poor,
And knock like equal Death, at ev'ry Door.

Honour, that sullen Guardian Pow'r, who dwells
In unfrequented Caves and barren Cells,

Howe's

Howe'er resolv'd, her folding Gate unlocks,
Unable to resist thy mighty Shocks :
Yet some pretend Thou art a Paradox.
Tho' blind, yet bold ; tho' dumb, You teach to speak,
Strong without Bones ; and thro' your Triumph weak.

But Nature on thy Vigour still relies,
And for her fading Labours hopes Supplies.
On boldly then, Your youthful Heat employ,
And strenuously force Your Way to Joy ;
Yet all Excesses, as pernicious, shun,
Nor strain the Tenth laborious Heat to run,
By curs'd Ambition led, or fond Intreaties won :
So long with *Matrons* will you find Respect,
Maintain your *Crimson Blush*, and Form erect.

Pleas'd, We'll pursue, where'er You lead the Way,
And Your dear Laws implicitly obey ;
By Day, by Night, thro' Heats, thro' Winter's Snow,
Fatigue and Danger scorn'd, We'll boldly go,
Not coldly asking why, when You command ;
For You in Reason's Place, triumphant stand.
Long in superior Glory may'st Thou thrive,
And may we ne'er thy active Power survive !
Scorn'd shall We be, when Thou can'st charm no more,
And slighted by the Sex we pleas'd before.
Strong as Thou art, thy stubborn Neck must yield,
One Day reluctant, thou must quit the Field ;
Then shall the *Nymphs* thy drooping Head deride,
Tho' now the *Maidens Dream*, and *Matrons Pride*.

Hence, gloomy Thought, while yet our Monarch reigns,
 And the quick Torrent boils within our Veins;
 And thou, Great Chief, the gloomy Thought forgive,
 Nor shrink with sudden Grief; but rise, and live!
 Thee to some fond expecting Nymph we'll bear,
 And Beds of Roses for thy Bliss prepare.

May no Alarms your softer Hours annoy;
 Still in sweet Peace repeat the kindly Joy.
 May no Disgust e'er lessen your Desire;
 No *Fatuus* raise Thee with deceitful Fire;
 No Spells, from slighted Maids, your Courage foil,
 While on yourself you shamefully recoil,
 Or vainly for th' *important* Minute toil,
 And still dear Wanderer, may'st thou be free
 From the infected Rover's Infamy !
 Dire Plague! Which Heav'n has long reserv'd in Store,
 To damp the envy'd Joy, too great before.
 But if the Pow'rs this perfect Bliss deny,
 And needs must punish your Inconstancy,
 Rather when old, and loaded with Renown,
 A *Priapism* all your Labours crown,
 And may you prove the D—d of the Town.



ALLUSION

TO

HORACE,

ODE XXX. BOOK I.

CÆLIA this Night has promis'd I,
(And bound it with, Or may I die).

Shall then be eas'd of all my Pain,
And taste the Sweets of Lovers Chains;
The Bed, she tells me, is prepar'd,
The Candle out, the Door unbar'd,

* Lovely Goddess, Queen of Loves,
Ruler of the Gods Above,
For one soft Moment leave thy Sky,
Neglected once let Paphos lie,
And here, with all thy Graces fly:
Contemn the bawling Harlot's Pray'r,
And snuff up nobler Incense here.

* O Venus, regina Gnidi, Paphique,
Sperme dilectam Cypron, &c.

Lct

34. POEMS on several Occasions.

Let Love, in all his fierce Desires,
His raging, never-dying Fires,
Enter the lovely Form, and there,
Make Pleasure his peculiar Care;
In naked conqu'ring Charms array'd,
Let all the Graces lend their Aid,
And Youth, and soft Persuasion meet,
To make the joyful Scene complete.

The Goddess hears, and now she's there,
I see and feel her ev'ry where;
See how the charming *Celia* lies,
With heaving Breasts, extended Thighs,
And strong-delving, sparkling Eyes;
Declaring now, that Love's possesst,
And revels warmly in her Breast.

Wanton *Venus*, now inspire
Thy Servant with unusual Fire;
Prolong the Night, as when great *Jove*
Was blest with his *Alembra's* Love;
And let me, Goddess, if you can,
Be this Night something more than Man.

BEDLAM



B E D L A M.

— Peccatur & extra. Hor.

Y O U who, like Proteus, in all Shapes appear,

And ev'ry Hue, like the Camelion, wear,

Phantasia, airy Pow'r! in humbler Lays

We sing your Triumphs, and your Temple raise;

There, far from Reason, absolute You reign,

And scorn your proud, unequal Rival's Chain:

A thousand restless Forms around you sport,

A thousand busy Dreams your Throne support;

Vain Terrors your severer Orders wait,

And gay, delusive, Hopes attend your State.

In Britain, still for some new Madness fam'd,

When Madmen long had rag'd, and unrestrain'd,

Near

86 POEMS on several Occasions.

Near Old *Augusta's* Walls, the spacious Seat,
The wretched, wand'ring, *Lunatic's* Retreat,
Arose Majestic to the Fouader's Fame,
And * *Bedlam*, from its Purpose, is its Name.

Here ev'ry Error of the lawless Mind,
The Monsters of distemper'd Thought we find,
Madness in all Extremes: serene, and mild,
Where *Euclid's* Sons † run Regularly wild;
Where patient Chymists still their Labour ply;
And where the frantic *Dead* supinely lie.

Or loudly Raving; where Ambition reigns,
O'er prostrate Foes, and wide extending Plains,
With Tyrants of all Kinds, and each Degree
From Pedagogue to Eastern Majesty.

Or the pale Wretch, in one sad Posture found,
With fix'd, and hollow Eyes surveys the Ground,
For ever dwells on the consuming Care,
And ev'ry Thiag he turns to his Despair,
Now tells of adverse Fate, and fondly dreams
Of troubled Oceans, and contending Streams;
Or weeps, like *Niobe*, and weary strays
O'er false, enchanted, Ground, and thorny Ways;
Or threatening Ghosts, arising to his View,
On lonely Sands, and Shores, the Wretch pursues.

* *Bedlem, or Bethlehem, signifies the House of Bread.*

† *Mathematicians.*

Or all around a thousand Furies glare,
And shake their fiery Brands, and snaky Hair.
For grateful Errors some their Reason change,
And in the gaudy Fields of Fancy range.
Magnific to their wild delighted Eyes
Peruvian Roofs, and Parian Columns rise;
Beneath their Thrones the Nile and Ganges meet,
And waft unbounded Riches to their Feet;
Kind Nymphs around with gay Lyes¹ dance,
And not one Fear invades the golden Trance,
Happy till envious Art the Bane restore,
And sad returning Reason finds 'em poor.

Nor here alone are these Delusions bind,
Nor to our Age, nor to our Clime confin'd:
Athens of old a famous Beggar knew,
Who rich, and happy in Distraction grew; from hence
Loud thro' the throng'd² *Pizum* he commands,
The Trade of mighty Nations in his Hands,
Till taught his long neglected Reags to own;
And curse the ♫ *Hayles*, and *Shadowell* of the Town.

Near these the sage Observer of the Skies,
Imp'd with *Icarian* Wings, attempts to rise,
The World of *Lunar* Nations to surprise,
Impatient to possess the distant Ground,
And plough the ♫ *fertile Plains*: himself has found³

* *A Haven at Athens*; † *Two Physicians*; the first
to Bedlam.

** Alluding to *Terra Fertilis* in the *Lunar Maps*.

Damn'd

Damn'd Authors next, the tasteless Age deplore;
 Many in humble Prose; in Meeter more.
 These, Phœbus, did your wholsom Laws disclaim,
 And fondly hop'd with Ease to purchase Fame.
 Here oft in sweet Confusion they excel;
 Or mighty Deeds in mighty Madness tell,
 While Seas of Crimson Gore the Plain o'erspread,
 " And Heav'n turns pale to see us look so red. §
 Or Nature's general Wreck they bravely dare,
 The whirling Globe from off its Axle tear,
 Hurl Worlds at Worlds, eclipse each heav'ly Spark,
 " While Gods meet Gods, and joustle in the Dark. §

With you, bright Queen* of Error, unconfin'd
 They soar, and leave the Weight of Sense behind,
 Thus on your wanton Wings supinely ride,
 There most secure where most they want a Guide.
 With you, and Art of old, the tuneful Quire
 To Heav'n itself with Safety could aspire,
 Sing the blest State of the Immortal Pow'rs,
 Their Loves, their Nectar, and their Golden Bow'r.
 Or else descending, they the Deep explore,
 And thro' the World of Waters find a Shore,
 Visit the Nereids Crystalline Retreats,
 Their Groves of Coral, and their Ouzy Seats.
 Or farther, does your restless Pow'r invite
 To Realms of Chaos, and eternal Night?

§ LEE in Sophonisba, ♡ PHANTASIA:

Tuneful

P O E M S on several Occasions. 39

Tuneful amidst the horrid Wreck they soar,
And celebrate the Elemental War.
Or in a milder Region wou'd they tread?
Behold the quiet Mansion of the Dead!
Silent and fleeting Shades compose the Song,
And *Lesbe* rolls his lazy Wave along.

Turn, various Goddess, turn your beauteous Face!
We sing your Triumphs, You your Triumphs grace!
O! cou'd You here, your kindly Aid impart,
And lend your animating Pow'r to Art,
Propitious as when ev'ry Grace you bring
To Congreve's Art, when Congreve deigns to sing,
While Echo pleas'd conveys the Charm around,
And Envy's Self compos'd, devours the Sound!

Yet why, tho' artless all, do we delay
Your Sport, insulting * *Venus*, to display?
Unequal Forms, and Hearts you Here unite;
Or Nature's Laws reverse in wanton Spite,
While *Coridon* laments his absent *Swains*,
And slighted *Sapho* of her Nymphs complains.

But see a love-sick Maid, with Sighs opprest,
Shines with superior Grace amidst the rest!
Romantic Tales, in Heaps, compose her Bed,
And vast *Cassandra* † props her pensive Head.

* See Horace, Ode 33, B. 1.

† A Romance.

Sigh

90 POEMS on several Occasions.

Sigh to her Sights, and long to share Her Pains,
And thus the fond distracted Fair complaint.

Sprung from a Royal Race of high Renown,

The wandring Heiress of an Eastern Crown

You here behold! a miserable Maid!

By hapless Love to endless Care betray'd!

Early my Fame to distant Nations flew,

And wondring Crouds from ev'ry Nation drew,

Shining in Arms for Myra's Love they vic,

And many in pursuit of Myra die.

Ador'd by All, One only I approve,

And Him, and Him alone I vow to love.

But ere the holy Priest might join our Hands,

A fatal Task my Royal Sire commands.

Proud of the gen'rous Toil the Hero goes

In quest of Glory, and our Country's Foes,

Three tedious Moons his Absence I deplore,

And watch sollicitous the well-known-Shore,

The Way where then the brave Orlando pass'd,

When these o'erflowing Eyes beheld him last.

At length I vow, impatient of Delay,

To find my Love, or wander Life away.

Twas in the solemn Noon of silent Night,

When guided by Diana's doubtful Light,

Along the winding Coast I took my Flight.

An Age o'er Plains, o'er Forests I'm convey'd,

And Wastes where yet no human Path is made.

POEMS on several Occasions. 51

Spells, Monsters-Rage, and Tyrant's-Threats endure,
And Pains Orlando's Love alone can cure.
Tell me, ye courteous Knights, whose gen'rous Care
Protects the Injur'd; and relieves the Fair,
Tell me what Magic Pow'rs, what Circe's Charms
Detain Orlando from his Myra's Arms,
Tell me, O, tell me this, and, O, invade
The Giant's Tow'rs, and free a captive Maid!

Love has a thousand more-fantastic Slaves,
And each by Turns a diff'rent Madness raves,
Triumphant now, and now again distress'd,
By Hope elated, or by Fear depress'd.

Religion next, and Politicks, combine,
And in one friendly League of Madness join
The wild Projector, Patriot, and Divine.
Of Schisms yet untaught, unpractis'd Schemes,
And Credit still to fall, the Frantic Dreams.
Here, Cynthia, once a fam'd Coquet, retires,
And burns with Manly Rage, and Roman Fires,
Scorns the malicious Art, her Beauty past,
And changes Love for Politicks at last,
Loud from her Cell the raging Sibyl screams
Mysterious Errors, and portentous Dreams;
War, horrid War, and Peace by Turns she sings,
And Bedlam with the Fate of Europe rings.
For these our sacred College chiefly stands,
And half our Lodgings are in Statesmen's Hands;

Tremendous.

92 POEMS on several Occasions.

Tremendous Crowd! with various Rage posses'd,
And ever more tumultuous than the rest.

Yet few of all the raving Herd are found
So loud as he who wou'd be thought most sound.

Pity, he cries, a sad, but wholsom Mind,
A Wretch by false, impatient Heirs confin'd!
Bedlam, at least, one Reas'ning Slave contains,
And many yet Without deserve these Chains:
Amidst his shining Hoard *Avaro* wants,
Hoarse Stentor sings, and bright *Aurelia* paints,
On these let *Bedlam's* just Correction fall,
On these and on my impious Prodigal!

Not far from hence, and in obscurer Cells
Spleen with her meagre, faded, People dwells.
A hundred Heads the gloomy Monster bears,
Each Head by Turns a hundred Faces wears,
Inspiring all the Train of needless Cares.

Phantasia, you, the deadly Pest, of Yore,
On Albion's Chalky Cliffs to *Eurus* bore:
She still her Sire attends, and haunts the cloudy Shore.

Near these the *Lunatick*, in fond Despair,
Oft to th' inconstant Moon directs his Pray'r,
Sollicitous observes her Nightly Way,
As thro' the Pathless Heav'n she seems to stray,
To her of short-liv'd Intervals complains,
And feels already the approaching Change.

P O E M S on several Occasions. 93

'Twas here, amidst the Croud of gaping Fools,
A celebrated Member of the Schools
Pas'd gravely on, with slow, Majestic Pace,
The Pride of *useless Learning* in his Face.
Tir'd of the noisy Croud, away, ye rude,
Away, he cry'd, obstrep'rous Multitude!
Hence! your unseasonable Mirth give o'er!
Or learn of me lost Reason to deplore,
Profane, illiterate Herd! who joy to see
Man fallen from his native Dignity.
Man! Lordly Creature! for whose only Aid
The Earth, and all th' Ethereal Lamps were made.
To these sublime his stately Front he rears,
And Majesty in all his Form appears,
And Heaven to that Glorious Form has join'd
A quick, discerning, bright, capacious Mind,
And plac'd him next to the *Angelic Kind.*

The surly *Lunatic*, whose Cell was nigh,
Observe'd the canting Pedant stalking by,
And thus accosts him: hist, Sir *Gravity!*
When his own Form the Painter wou'd express,
He seldom flatters more, or means it less.
To me this *Lordly Creature* Man appears
The empty, idle, Sport of Hopes, and Fears;
Flying the Thing he did but now adore,
And now pursuing what he fled before;
Of Nature's more unfinish'd Draughts the worst,
And of all Nature's Wretches most accurs'd,

If Flattery and Pride had not conspir'd
To make his Imperfections still admir'd.
At mighty Things he aims with restless Strife
Beyond the little Purpose of his Life;
Base in Oppression, and in Pow'r severe;
His Glory Arrogance; his Justice, Fear:
For fear of human Nature Laws are made,
For fear of human Punishment obey'd.
And his sublimest Knowledge seems design'd
To prove the narrow Limits of his Mind.
Some whom at least in Silence all rever,
Like Gods, we own, amidst the Croud appear;
These tho' they must admire, they basely hate,
Or starve the Worth they dare not imitate.
Yet more ungrateful Truths Mankind must own,
Was Man but to himself sincerely known;
But from the Dawn of Light they turn away,
And fly like Birds obscene, the hated Day;
Virtues in human Vanity devise,
Which human Weakness ne'er can exercise,
And sooth their Wretchedness with pompous Lies.
Thus Reason is their boasted Attribute,
The mighty diff'rence 'twixt Man and Brute!
The Flatterer of all, the Guide of none,
And late Reflection of the Wretch undone.
An Armour which in Peace for Pride they bear;
But never of Defence in Time of War.
A Pilot who in Calms alone can guide,
Stem easy Currents, and a gentle Tide;

POEMS on several Occasions. 9

Who, insolent, and vain, in Safety braves
The sleeping Tempest, and the smiling Waves;
But when strong Winds arise, and Billows roar,
The idle Boaster is of Use no more,
And the poor Vessel breaks upon the Shore.



THE DESCRIPTION OF A

SHIP in a STORM.

WITH flowing Pomp, and beauteous Pride,

The floating Pile in Harbour rode,

Proud of her Freight, the swelling Tide,

Reluctant left the Vessel's Side,

And kiss'd it as she flow'd.

POEMS on several Occasions.

The Seas with Eastern-Breezes curl'd,
And silver'd half the liquid Plain,
Her Anchors weigh'd, her Sails unfur'l'd,
Serenely mov'd the Wooden-World,
And stretch'd along the Main.

III.

Thus whilst we trace a prosp'rous Scene,
Dissembled Friendship waits on Power;
But early quits the fraudulent Mien,
When Fortune is no more serene,
And waits but to devour.

IV.

The native Wonders of the Deep ;
Press to admire the vast Machine ,
In sportive Gambols round it leap,
Or else at awful Distance keep.
In Homage to their Queen.

V.

In vain we fly approaching Ill,
Danger can multiply its Form,
Expos'd we fly like *Tomas* still,
And Heav'n, when 'tis Heav'n's Will
O'ertakes us in a Storm.

VI. The

VI.

The distant Surge all foaming white,
Foretells the furious Blast;
Dreadful, tho' distant, was the Sight,
Confed'rate Winds, and Waves unite,
And menace ev'ry Mast.

VII.

Winds whistling thro' the Shrowds, proclaim
A Fatal Harvest on the Deck,
Quick in pursuit, as active Flame,
Too soon the rolling Ruin came,
And ratify'd the — Wreck.

VIII.

Thus *Adam* shone with new-born Grace,
Inform'd by an Almighty Breath;
Thus the same Breath sweeps off his Race,
Disorders Nature's beauteous Face,
And teams with instant Death.

IX.

Stript of her Pride, the Vessel rolls,
As if by Sympathy she knew,
The secret Anguish of our Souls,
With inward deeper Groans, condoles
The Danger of her Crew.

98 P O E M S 'on several Occasions.

X.

The faithless Flood, forsook her Keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring Hull,
Stun'd, she forgot awhile to reel,
And felt, or almost seem'd to feel,
A momentary Lull.

XI.

Now what avail'd it to be brave
On liquid Precipices hung,
Suspended on a breaking Wave?
Beneath Us yawn'd a *Sea-Green-Grave*,
Which silenc'd every Tongue.

XII.

Thus in the Jaws of Death we lay;
Nor Light, or Comfort found us there,
Lost in the Gulph, and Floods of Prey,
No *Sun* to cheer Us, nor a *Ray*
Of *Hope*, but in *Despair*.

XIII.

The Seas encourag'd this *Despair*,
While certain Ruin waits on *Land*;
Shou'd we direct our Wishes there,
Soon we recal the fatal Prayer,
And wish to shun the Strand.

XIV. At

XIV.

At length a BEING whose behest,
Reduc'd a Chaos into Form,
His Goodness and his Power confess,
He spoke, and, like a GOD, suppress
Our TROUBLES and the STORM.



S T R A D A's
N I G H T I N G A L E.

IMITATED

By Mr. PATTISON.

A S PHOEBUS darted forth a milder Ray,
And lengthning Shades confess'd the shortning Day;
To Tyber's Banks repair'd an am'rous Swain,
The Love and Envy of the Neighb'ring Plain,
To cool his Heat, he sought the breezy Grove,
To cool his Heat, but more the Heat of Love;

100 POEMS on several Occasions

To sooth his Cares on a soft *Lute* he play'd,
But the soft *Lute* reviv'd the lovely *Maid*:
Conspiring *Elms* their Umbrage shed around,
Wav'd with applause, and listen'd to the Sound.

When *Philmela*, gentle Bird of Love,
Poor, pretty, harmless *Siren* of the Grove,
Enchanted, heard the Shepherd as he play'd,
And stole attentive to the tuneful Shade;
Perch'd o'er his Head the *Sylvan* Charmer sat,
With Envy burning, and with Pride elate.
Ambitiously she lent a listning Ear,
Fix'd by the Melody, she dy'd to hear.

Each Note, each flowing Accent of the Song
She sooth'd, and sweeten'd with her softer Tongue;

Gently refin'd each imitated Strain,
And with his Music charms the ravish'd Swain.

The ravish'd Swain admir'd the just Replies,
Awhile he thinks soft Echoes round him rise;
But when he found his little Rival near,
Imbibing Music both at Eye and Ear;
With a sublimer Touch he swept the *Lute*,
The daring Prelude to the sweet Dispute;
The dauntless Charmer heard the bold Defy,
And warbling answer'd with a gay Reply.

Now

P O E M S on several Occasions. 103

Now tendrest Thoughts the gentle Swain inspire,
And with a Dying Softness tune the Lyre,
Echo, the Music of the vernal Woods,
And soft remurmur to the falling Floods;
Thus sweet he plays, but sweetly plays in vain ;
For *Philomela* sings a softer Strain;
With gentler Art She modulates each Note,
And breathes more melting Music from her Throat.

Much he admir'd the Magic of her Tongue,
But more to find his *Lute* and *Airs* outdone !
And now to loftier Airs he tunes the Strings,
And now to loftier Airs his Echo sings,
Tho' loud as Thunder, swift as Sun-beams float,
She reach'd the swelling, caught the flying Note;
In trembling Treble, now in solemn Base,
She show'd how Nature cou'd his Art deface.

Amaz'd, at length with Rage the Shepherd burn'd,
His Admiration into Anger turn'd ;
Inflam'd, with emulating Pride he stood,
And thus defy'd the Charmer of the Wood.

And wilt Thou still my Music imitate ?
Then see Thy Folly, and Thy Task is great :
For know, more pow'rful Lays remain unsung,
Lays far Superior to that mimic Tongue.

If not, this *Lute*, this vanquish'd *Lute*, I swear,
Shall never more delight the listning Ear;

102 POEMS on several Occasions.

But broke in scatter'd Fragments, strew the Plain,
And mourn the Glories which it cou'd not gain.

He said, and glowing with a jealous Fire,
With a disdainful Air he struck the Lyre;
Quick to the Touch the Tides of Music flow,
Swell into Strength, or melt away in Woe:
Now raise the shriller Trumpet's clang'ning Jar,
Now rouze the Thunders of the tuneful War;
Now soft'ning Sounds, and sadly pleasing Strains
Breathe out the Lover's Joys, and Lover's Pains.

He Sung; and sat attentive now to hear,
His little Rival's Fame-contending Air.

But now, too late! her noble Folly found,
Sad *Philomela* stood subdu'd by Sound;
Tho' vanquish'd, yet with geo'rous Ardour fill'd,
Ignoably still she scorn'd to quit the Field:
Each emulated Strain, each labour'd Note,
Trills on her Tongue, and trembles thro' her Throat;
But slowly faint, her pensive Accents flow,
Weaken'd with Grief, and overcharg'd with Woe:
Again she Tunes her Voice, again she Sings,
Strains ev'ry Nerve, and quivers on her Wings,
In vain! her sinking Spirits fade away,
And in a tuneful Agony decay;
Dying she fell, and as the Strains expire,
Breath'd out her Soul in Anguish on the Lyre:

Dissolv'd

Dissolv'd in Transports, she resign'd her Breath,
And gain'd a living Conquest by her Death.



THE
COURT of VENUS.

From CLAUDIAN.

By the SAME.

Where the fair *Paphian* Goddess keeps her Court,
Where the Loves wanton, and the Graces sport;
A tow'ring Mountain lifts its lofty brow,
And bends with Pleasure on the Plains below;
O'er distant blue retiring Hills surveys;
Its shadow floating in *Jonian* Seas;
The Top impervious all Access denies,
Tires the faint Foot, and dims the dizzy Eyes;
No fierce inclement *Winter* shivers here,
No blasting Seasons nip the bloomy Year,
No smoaking Mists, nor foggy Damps arise,
Hang o'er the Hills, or sail along the Skies;
But an untainted *Ether* smiles serene,
And sheds its Influence on the shining Scene;

104 POEMS on several Occasions.

Eternal Sweets the wafting Breezes bring,
And breathe around an everlasting Spring.

The pleasurable Mountains by Degrees,
Sink in a Level, to salute your Eyes :
Where Joy, succeeding Joy, for ever New,
For ever rising to the ravish'd View.
The wond'ring Sight with sweet Amusement leads
Thro' golden Groves, and ever-living Meads.

These were the Gifts, his Gratitude to prove,
VULCAN bestow'd upon the Queen of Love ;
For these, the Queen of Love resign'd her Charms,
And over-sold the Heaven in her Arms.

Here a soft Grove its cooling Shade affords,
Fann'd by the Music of the vocal Birds ;
To this the *Sylvan* Choristers resort,
Hop on the Boughs, or to the Breezes sport:
The Queen of Love amid the tuneful Throng,
With graceful Smiles rewards each fav'rite Song;
Elect the worthy Tenant of the Grove,
And dedicates Him to the God of Love.

Embow'ring Trees the mingled Shade compose,
That imitates the Fair, for whom it grows ;
With complicating *Poplars*, *Poplars* twine,
With spreading *Alders*, spreading *Alders* join :
Majestic *Elms* with bending Foliage flow,
Float in green Waves, and fan the Shades below,

The

The Shades below the cooling Gale receive,
And rising with the cooling Gale revive.

Two diff'rent Rivers murmur thro' the Grove,
Two fatal Contrarieties in Love!
This sweet, as mutual Joys in youthful Veins,
That bitter, as a dying Lover's Pains;
Conscious, the Streams each other seem to shun,
But in *Meanders* lost, too soon are One:
Dipt in these fabled Waves, *Love's* fatal Dart
Stings the distracted Soul to sooth the Heart:
To these his Shafts their double Power owe,
Soft pleasing Joys, and sad consuming woe.

Rang'd on the Banks, the little Loves resort,
Plight fancy'd Oaths, and bend their Bows in sport;
Those tender Nymphs produc'd a blooming Race,
And left their Virgin Image on their Face;
The ruddy Cheeks their Parents Charms proclaim
Alike their Habit, and their Look the same.
O'er all these Troops presides the *God of Love*,
A God whom all the Gods revere Above;
Sprung from the *Mother*, and the *Queen of Charms*,
He shines distinguish'd in superior Arms;
His potent Pow'r ev'n *Deities* controls,
And awes the Thunderer that awes the Poles;
On Earth he triumphs o'er a Monarch's Cares,
And blasts the Laurel which the Lightning spares:
In Woods and Groves th' inferior Archers reign,
Contented with the Conquests of the Plain,

Close in the Streams, in fatal Pomp array'd,
Love's wild romantic Equipage is laid;
Here lawless Liberty for ever roves,
For ever Riots in excess of Loves;
Inflam'd with Wine, distracted Rage appears,
But soon dissolves in self-accusing Tears;
Here, warming Whispers propagate Replies,
Sweet melting Murmurs, soft consenting Sighs;
With all the Eloquence that Hearts confess,
With all the Harmony that Eyes express:
There young Desires, their tasted Joys pursue,
Pleas'd with the past, and panting for the new;
While strange Chimeras on a sudden rise,
Shift the false Scene, and intercept their Eyes;
Tormenting Jealousies, uneasy Cares,
Dissembling Hopes, imaginary Fears;
Accusing Crimes of ill-requited Love,
And breaking Vows re-echo thro' the Grove:
~~Fall~~ in the midst, with nice-becoming Grace,
Stood Youth, too conscious of his comely Face,
Proud of his nervous Strength, and vig'rous Veins,
With Pain his Blood the luscious Tide contains;
With haughty Smiles he mocks declining Age,
His starv'd Enjoyments, and dissembled Rage:
The wither'd Wretch avoids him with remorse,
And fickens at the thought of what he was.
Proud o'er the Groves, a glitt'ring Dome ascends,
Rich with the Labours of Vulcanian Hands;

Thro' the green Ranks the darting Lustre streams;
 And the Shades kindle with reflecting Gleams;
 This Master-piece of Skill the Lemnian God
 On his fair Spouse a worthy Gift bestow'd:
 Immortal Monuments of Art support
 The vast Foundations of each ample Court;
 On Di'mond-Pillars, Di'mond-Pillars rise,
 At once invade, and emulate the Skies;
 Perlucid Crystal clarifies each Stone,
 And by excluding, makes a double Sun;
 In Oval-steps the rising Topaz roll'd,
 Reflected blazes on the valving Gold;
 Each Stone conspires its emulating Rays,
 Glitter the Beryls, and the Rubies blaze.
 Carv'd Saphirs meet in undulating Flame,
 And drink the lucid Amber's fainter Stream.

Here spacious Greens, refreshing Areas rise
 And with a milder Scene refresh the Eyes;
 Thro' *Cassia* Groves ambrosial Breezes breathe,
 And steal the aromatic Sweets beneath;
 There, soft inferior Shades of *Myrtles* grow,
 And *Lilies* blushing as the *Roses* glow;
 Dissolv'd with Joy the trickling *Balm* runs o'er,
 And the sweet Tears distil at ev'ry Pore..

But now his Journey pass'd, the God of Love,
 With eager Joy approach'd his native Grove,
 And now he re-assumes a solemn Pace,
 He moves with Majesty, and looks with Grace,

It happen'd then with future Joys elate,
 His Goddess-Mother at her Toilet sat;
 On either side th' Idalian Sisters stand,
 Proud of the smiling Goddess's Command;
 These scatter Odours o'er the fragrant Fair,
 Those spread the mazy Tendrils of her Hair.
 Some exercise the fine correcting Comb,
 Smooth the soft curls, and call the straglers home:
 The comely Fav'rites by a nice Design,
 They leave to sport, and wanton in the Wind;
 The comely Fav'rites with adorning Grace,
 Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face,
 With cooling Airs create an easy Pride,
 And but increase the Charms they strive to hide;
 No Glasses here, deluding Lights supply,
 The brilliant Di'mond guides the judging Eye:
 For as the Goddess moves, new Mirrors rise,
 And catch augmenting Splendors from her Eyes;
 As to the multiplying Stones she turns,
 On all she dances, and on all she burns.

But lo! a sudden Scene of Glory fires
 Her rising Soul, and breathes more gay desires;
 Her Son's reflected Image she surveys,
 With trembling Joy she turns to prove the Rays;
 But turning conscious of her only Son,
 Into the bloomy Boy's Embraces run;
 Receives him panting at unfolding Charms,
 And hugs the little Darling in her Arms.

S O N G.

L.

DEAR Cloe, while thus beyond Measure,
You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
And hoard up an Old-Age of Pain.

II.

Your Maxim, that Love is still founded,
On Charms that will quickly decay;
You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

III.

The Passion from Beauty first drawn,
Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve;
Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love.

IV. And

110 Poems on several Occasions.

IV.

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes,
Shou'd be clouded (that now are so gay)
And Darkness possess all the Skies,
We ne'er can forget that 'twas Day.

V.

Old Dobson with Joan by his Side,
You've often regarded with Wonder;
He's dropfical, She is sore-ey'd,
Yet are ever uneasy asunder.

VI.

No Beauty or Wit they possess,
Their several Failings to smother;
Then what are the Charms can you guess,
That makes 'em so fond of each other?

VII.

Together they totter about,
Or sit in the Sun, at their Door;
And at Night, if old Dobson's Pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a Whiff more.

VIII. The

P O E M S on several Occasions. ILL.

VIII.

The pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
Th' Endearments That Youth did bestow,
The Thoughts of past Pleasures and Truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

IX.

A Friendship insensibly grows,
From Reviews of such Raptures as these ;
The Current of Fondness still flows,
That decrepid Old-Age cannot freeze.



Horace's

THE POEMS on several Occasions.



HORACE'S
INTEGER VITÆ, &c.

IMITATED

(Or, rather, *Burlesqu'd.*)

I.

THE Man that is Drunk, is Void of all Care;
He needs neither *Parthian Quiver*, or Spear,
The Moor's poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield,
His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

II.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors,
He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
And boldly defies both the Proctor and Devil.

III.

III.^{IV}

As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
Encumbered neither with Care nor with Coin;
I boldly confronted a horrible Dun,
Afrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

IV.^{IV}

No Monster cou'd put you to half so much Fear,
Shou'd he in *Apulia's* Forest appear;
In *Africa's* Desart, there never was seen,
A Monster so hated, by Gods and by Men.

V.

Come place me, ye *Deities*, under the Line,
Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine;
O'er hot burning Sands I will swelter and sweat,
Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

VI.

Or place me where Sun-shine is ne'er to be found,
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound;
Even there I wou'd nought but my Bottle require,
My Bottle shou'd warm me, and fill me with Fire.

VII. My

114 POEMS on several Occasions.

VII.

My Tutor may *Job* me, and lay me down Rules,
Who minds 'em but Damn'd Philosophical Fools;
For when I am Old and can no more Drink,
Tis time enough then for to sit down and Think.

VIII.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought *Aristotle* an Ass for his Pain;
His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was Drunk, then the World was his own.

IX.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,
And into't I came to be Drunk as a Lord;
My Life is the Reckning which freely I'll pay,
And when I'm Dead-Drunk, then I'll stagger away.





THE
S T O R Y
O F

Orpheus and Eurydice.

From the Fourth GEORGIC
of VIRGIL.

By SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Esq;

SUCH Words the Prophet's * Indignation raise,
His Eyes flash awful with an azure Blaze;
He grinds his Teeth, and with a sullen Glare,
Begins the Fate's dread Secrets to declare.

* PROTEUS

The

116 POEMS ON several Occasions.

The Gods on all thy hated Labours frown,
 Thy Crimes have call'd the raging Vengeance down.
 Young **O R P H E U S** wretched, tho' unjustly so,
 Moves Heaven to load Thee with a Length of Woe,
 His **W I F E**'s sad Fate has rais'd Thee such a Foe. }
 When from thy bold Pursuit, with blushing Dread,
 Swift, o'er the River's winding Bank she fled;
 She ne'er beheld in her unhappy Speed,
 A burning Serpent in the Herbage hid.
 She died! and all the Dryads mourn'd around,
 O'er all the conscious Hills their Sorrows sound;
 Ev'n savage **T h r a c e** a tender Grief adorn'd,
 And **R H O D O P E** thro' all his Mountains mourn'd.
B a r b a r i a n Climes confess'd a gen'rous Woe,
 And **H e b e r**'s plaintive Streams forgot to flow.
 His matchless Lyre was all the Youth's Relief,
 His last soft Effort to elude his Grief.
 Thee, lovely Spouse! thee, fated to deplore,
 He mourn'd melodious on the desert Shore;
 Thee, when the Day-spring dawn'd, with tuneful Tongue,
 Thee when Night gloom'd, he solitary sung.
 But now his Love an awful Proof intends,
 To Hell's detested Shades the Youth descends;
 To the dull Grove where Night for ever reigns;
 To Ghosts insensible of human Pains,
 To Hell's tremendous King, he boldly goes,
 Led by the Ardour of his restless Woes.
 His wondrous Lyre charm'd **E r e b u s** around,
 And rais'd soft Raptures with the magic Sound:

P O E M S on several Occasions. 117

The gliding Ghosts and Forms of living Shade,
Around him croud, and gladden'd as he play'd:
Not in such Numbers, from the clouded Sky,
The feather'd Nation to the Woodland fly,
When from the sable Night and Storms above,
They seek the Shelter of the grateful Grove.
Parents in venerable Forms appear,
And laurel'd Heroes frown'd in Shapes of Air;
Bright Virgins too, in softer Shadows move,
And Youths snatch'd early from their Bloom above;
Whose wand'ring Flight the Stygian Streams control,
Nine Times the mirey Waters round them roll:
Bur o'er the Gloom the tuneful Rapture spread,
And charm'd the Caverns of the silent Dead.
The Furies too with fond Attention gaz'd,
And their dishevel'd Snakes no longer blaz'd;
The dreadful Throats of Cerberus were still,
And gentle Breezes stop'd Ixion's Wheel.
And now, the Perils of his Passage pass'd,
With pleasing Speed, he leaves the dismal Wast,
His Wife, the dear Companion of his Way,
His Footsteps follow'd to the Verge of Day,
With this Command, relenting at his Prayer,
The Queen of Hell restor'd the willing Fair.
When, ah! his tender Joys too soon renew,
(A slender Crime,) if Ghosts Forgiveness knew:
Near the mild Confines of returning Day,
On the last Bounds of his unfinish'd Way;
Thoughtless alas! unable to forbear,
He stop'd, he turn'd, he gaz'd upon his Fair:

Here

118 POEMS ON several Occasions.

Here all his Labours lost their rich Reward,
His Vows were broke with Hell's tyrannic Lord;
A Noise of War roll'd ominous around,
And Acheron thrice echo'd to the Sound:
My Spouse, she cry'd, what angry God's Decree,
Divides thy dear Eurydice and Thee!

The Fates remand me to the silent Shades,
The Sleep of Death my swimming Eyes invades;
Farewel! the Gloom of Night around me low'r,
Eurydice, alas! is Thine no more!

At this she skims reluctant, from his Sight,
As Vapours vanish in the Fields of Night;
Now doom'd to wander on the dreary Shore,
Her Eyes beheld the hapless Youth no more;
Whilst he in vain the hollow Gloom invades,
And impotently clasps the empty Shades:
Ah! what persuasive Strains shall be invent,
What lovely Woe to make the Ghosts relent;
Slow o'er the sable Element she sails,
Nor all the Music of his Lyre avails.

Nine long revolving Months, as Bards relate,
Near cold Strymona's chilling Waves he sat,
Beneath a Mountain's bending Brow he sung,
And the soft Sound thro' all the Caverns rung;
The list'ning Tygers at his Strains were still,
And Groves descended from the shaggy Hill.

Thus in a Poplar Shade, with mournful Song,
Sad Philomel laments her stolen Young;

When

P O E M S on several Occasions. 119

When some unpitying Swain her Nest has view'd,
And seiz'd unfeather'd, the defenceless Brood:
Perch'd on a Bough, the tuneful Songstress sits,
And nightly her melodious Woe repeats;
Whilst the soft Murmurs of the meking Sound,
Swell thro' the Thickets and the Grots around.

No blooming Virgins could his Pangs remove,
Or sooth his Sorrows with a second Love;
He fled Society, and rang'd alone,
'Midst the cold Horrors of the frozen Zone;
Where the bleak North forbids the Streams to flow;
And Rocks rise hoary with eternal Snow:
His lost *Eurydice* prolongs his Pain,
Stern *Proserpine*'s fair Gift bestow'd in vain!
Their flighted Charms, the *Thracian* Dames resent,
Unanimous on dire Revenge they're bent;
'Midst their Night-Orgies to the God of Wine,
The raging Crew perform their black Design;
Implacable the helpless Swain they slew,
And his torn Limbs around the Meadows threw:
When sever'd from the lovely Trunk, at last,
His gasping Head in *Heber's* Waves they cast;
As the cold Stream it stain'd with ebbing Blood,
And ghastly roll'd along the purple Flood;
Thro' Death's pale Hue, on ev'ry Feature hung,
Eurydice still dwelt upon his Tongue:
In the last Pang of fainting Life he cry'd,
Unfortunate *Eurydice!* and Died!

120 POEMS on several Occasions.



VERTUMNUS.

E P I S T L E

TO

Mr. JACOB BOBART, Botany-Professor to the University of Oxford, and Keeper of the Physic-Garden, 1713.

By Dr. EVANS.

THANK Heav'n, at last, our Wars are o'er;
We're very Wise, and very Poor:
All our Campaigns, at Once, are done;
We've Ended, where we just Begun,

POEMS on several Occasions. 121

In Perfect *PEACE*: Long may it last!
And Pay for all the *Taxes* past:
Refill th' *Exchequer*, chace our *Fears*,
And dry up all the *Ladies Tears*
For Husbands, Sons, and Lovers Lost;
In Duels some, in Battles most.

Rise, Rise, ye *Britons*, Thankful Rise!
Extol your *EMPERESS* to the Skies;
Crown Her with Laurels ever Green,
With Olives fair inwove between:
Her Courage drew the Conqu'ring Sword;
Her Wisdom Banish'd-*PEACE* restor'd.

Long, wond'rous *ANNA!* may'st Thou live,
To enjoy those Blessings which You Give:
To Guard Thy Friends, Confound Thy Foes,
And Fix the Church, and State's Repose:
And late, for *PEACE* to *Britain* giv'n,
Be Crown'd with Endless *PEACE* in Heav'n.

Farewel ye Camps, and Sieges dire!
With all your Cannons, Smoke and Fire:
Ye Victories and Trophies vain!
A certain Loss, uncertain Gain:
Ye Squadrons and Battalions brave!
Who first your Foes, then Friends enslave;
Ye Gallant Leaders! who delight,
For Glory less, than Gold, to Fight:

122 POEMS on several Occasions.

Ye public Patriots! plac'd on High,
To Sell those Votes, which first ye Buy:
And Bards, whose mercenary Lays,
Such Heroes, and such Statesmen Praise.

An Honest Muse, alike disclaims
Such Authors and their impious Themes;
And with a more becoming Grace,
Her Song impartial does Address,
BOBART to Thee; the Muse's Friend:
BOBART! the Promis'd Song attend.

And where no difference appears
Betwixt the Subject, and the Verse;
But He who Praises, and is Prais'd,
On Equal Eminence are rais'd:
No Flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
Nor Hopes encourag'd of Reward.

Such is our Case: — I Honour Thee
For Something, Thou for Something Me;
Sincerely Both: Our Thoughts the same;
Of Courtiers, Fortune, and of Fame;
Alike, (in Pity to Mankind)
To PEACE, to Heavenly PEACE, inclin'd.

To PEACE, my Friend! that Thou and I,
(No Colours flutt'ring in the Sky;
With frightful Faces, glitt'ring Arms,
Bellona's military Charms;)

P O E M S on several Occasions. 123

May undisturb'd, and studious rove,
O'er ev'ry Lawn, thro' ev'ry Grove.

See various Nature, in each Field
Her Flow'rs, and Fruits luxuriant yield;
While the Bright God of Day presides,
Aloft, and all the Season guides;
Jocund to run his Annual Course,
With never-tiring Speed and Force.

With Golden Hair, the God of Day,
Wings from the East, his fervid Way:
The Stars, applauding as he flies,
To see him stretch, along the Skies:
To see him roll his fiery Race,
Athwart the vast Æthereal Space;
Unbind the Frosts, dissolve the Snows,
As round the Radiant Belt he goes.

Mild *Zephyrus*, the Graces leads,
To revel o'er the fragrant Meads;
The Mountains shout, the Forests ring,
While *Flora* decks the Purple Spring:
The *Hours* (attendant all the while)
On *Zephyrus*, and *Flora* smile:
The Vallyes laugh, the Rivers play,
In Honour of the God of Day.

The Birds that fan the liquid Air,
To Tunc their little Throats prepare;

124 POEMS on several Occasions

The Joyous Birds of ev'ry Shade,
For Loit'ring, Love, and Music made :
Their Voices raise on ev'ry Spray,
To Welcome in, the God of Day.

The Vegetable Earth beneath,
Bids all her Plants his Praises breathe :
Clouds of fresh Fragrance upwards rise,
To cheer his Progress thro' the Skies ;
And Heav'n and Earth,-and Air unite,
To Celebrate his Heat, and Light.

That Light and Heat, which on our World,
From his gay Chariot-Wheels is hurl'd ;
And ev'ry Morn does Rosy rise,
To glad our dampy, darksom Skies :
Which once deserted by his Light,
Wou'd languish in eternal Night.

But GARD'NING were of all a Toil,
That on our Hopes the least wou'd Smile ;
Shou'd the Kind God of Day forbear
T' exhale the Rains, foment the Air :
Or, in an angry Mood, decline,
With his prolific Beams to shine.

Ev'n THOU ! tho' that's thy meanest Praise,
Nor Fruits, nor Flow'rs, cou'dst hope to raise ;
(Howe'er thou may'st in Order place,
Of Both, the Latter, Earlier Race ;

In Glasses, or in Sheds confin'd,
To shield them from the Wintry Wind;
Or, in the Spring, with skilful Care,
Place 'em his Influence best to share;))
Did not the *SUN*, their Genial Sire,
The Vegetative Soul inspire:
Instruct the senseless awkward Root,
And teach the Fibres how to shoot:
Command the taper Stalk to rear
His flow'ring Head, to grace the Year;
To shed Ambrosial Odours round,
And paint, with choicest Dyes, the Ground.

THOU, next to Him, art truly Great;
On Earth his Mighty Delegate:
The Vegetable World to guide,
And o'er all *BOTANY* preside:
To see, that ev'ry dewy Morn,
Successive Plants the Earth adorn:
That *Flow'rs*, thro' ev'ry Month be found,
Constant to keep their gaudy Round:
That *Flow'rs*, in spite of Frost and Snow,
Throughout the Year, perpetual Blow:
That *Trees*, in spite of Winds are seen,
Array'd in Everlasting Green.

Nor with a Care, beneath thy Skill,
Dost *THOU* that vast Employment fill,

126 POEMS on several Occasions.

Hail, Horticulture's Sapient KING!
Receive the Homage which we bring:
While at thy Feet, with Reverence low,
All Botanists and Florists Bow;
Their Knowledge, Practice, All resign:
Short, infinitely Short of Thine.

For THOU, not satisfy'd to know,
The Plants that in Three Nations Blow;
(Their Names, their Seasons, native Place;
Their Culture, Qualities and Race)
Or Europe's more extended Plains;
Sylvanus, Flora's wide Domains.

Nothing in Africa, Asia, shoots
From Seeds, from Layers, Grafts, or Roots;
At both the Indies, both the Poles,
Whate'er the Sea, or Ocean rolls;
Of the Botanic, Herbal Kind,
Lies open to Thy searching Mind.

Noblest Ambition of thy Soul!
Which Limits, but in vain Control:
Let others, meanly satisfy'd
With Partial Knowledge, sooth their Pride:
While Thou, with Thy prodigious Store,
But shew'st thy Modesty the more.

Thou Venerable Patriarch Wise,
Instruct us in thy Mysteries:

From

From Thee, the Gods no Knowledge hide,
No Knowledge have to Thee deny'd:
The Rural Gods of Hills or Plains;
Where Faunus, or Feronia Reigns.

Then tell us, as Thou best dost know,
Where perfect Happiness does grow.

What Herbs, our Bodies will sustain
Secure from Sicknes, and from Pain:
What Plants, protect us from the Rage
Of blighting Time, and blasting Age;
Which Shrubs, of all the flow'ry Field,
Most Aromatic Odours yield.

Shew us the Trees by Nature spread,
To form the Coolest Noon-tide Shade;
When our first Ancestors were seen,
Out-stretch'd upon the Graffy Green:
Nor any Food, or Cov'ring sought,
But what from Trees and Woods they got.

Who after various Ages spent
In Ease, Abundance, and Content,
Knew not what Wars, or Sickness meant;
But cheerful, when the Fates requir'd,
Quick to th' Elysian Fields retir'd.

Recount the Precepts they observ'd;
How from their Rules, they never swerv'd:

128 POEMS on several Occasions.

Such, as *Alcinous* of Old,
To his Belov'd *Pheceans* told;
Or those *Apollo* first did teach
His * Son, the *Epidaurian Leach*. ||

Long ere the *Romans* us'd to Dine,
Beneath their Planes manur'd with Wine:
On *Tyrian* Couches, Thoughtless lay,
And Drank, and Laugh'd, and Kiss'd away
Each sultry, circling, Summer's Day :
On polish'd Ivory Beds reclin'd;
Cast Care and Sorrow to the Wind:
And scorning Nature's Temp'rate Rules,
Like Madmen Liv'd, and Dy'd like Fools:

Teach us, Thou Learn'd, Judicious Sage!
The Manners of a Wiser Age.
To Thee, was giv'n by *Jove* to Keep
Those Grottoes, where the Muses Sleep:
To plant the Forests, where they Sing,
Fast by the Cool *Castalian* Spring:
With Myrtles their Pavilions raise;
Soft, intermix'd with *Delian* Bays;
And when they wake, at Earliest Day,
To strew, with sweetest Flow'r's, their Wa-

Transcendent Honour! here Below,
The Muses and their Haunts to know. *Reciter*
ANNA!

* *Aesculapius.* || *Physician.* *verb. ant.*

ANNA! Look down on *Isis* Tow'rs;
Be Gracious to the Muse's Bow'r's:
And now Thy Toils of War are done;
ANNA! Protect Apollo's Throne:
'Twas He, the Dart unerring threw;
Python, the Snaky Monster slew.

The Muse's Bow'r's, by All admir'd,
But those Fanatic Rage has fir'd:
Or Atheist-Fools, who Freedom boast;
Themselves to Slav'ry fetter'd most;
Stern Mars may Thunder, *Momus* Rail;
But Wisdom's Goddess will prevail.

On *Isis'* Banks, Retirement sweet!
Tritonian Pallas holds her Seat.

Minerva's Gardens are Thy Care;
BOBART! the Virgin Pow'r revere:
Thy Hoary Head with *Verwain* bound,
The Mystic Grove Thrice compass round;
The Waters of *Lustration* pour,
And Thrice the Allies, Walks, explore:
Lest some Presumptuous Wretch intrude,
With impious Steel to wound the Wood;
Or, with rash Arm, Profanely dare
To shake the Trees, the Leaves to bare,
And violate their Sacred Hair:
Or by worse Sacrilege betray'd,
The Blossoms, Fruits, or Flow'r's invade,

Ye Strangers! Guard your heedless Feet,
Left from the Herbs, their Dews ye beat; of a good Ge
Cosmetic Dews, (by Virgins Fair,
Exhal'd in *May*, with Early Care;) in a good M
Will to their Eyes fresh Lustre give,
And make their Charms for ever live.

Minerva's Gardens are Thy Care;
JACOB, the Goddess-Maid revere,

All Plants which Europe's Fields contain;
For Health, for Pleasure, or for Pain:
(From the tall Cedar, which does rise
With Conic Pride, and mates the Skies;
Down to the humblest Shrub that crawls
On Earth, or just ascends our Walls,) of a good P
Her Squares of Horticulture yield:
By **DANBY*** Planted, **BOBART** Till'd.

Delightful scientific Shade!
For Knowledge, as for Pleasure made.

'Twas Gen'rous **DANBY** first inclos'd
The Waste, and in Parterres dispos'd;
Transform'd the Fashion of the Ground,
And Fenc'd it with a Rocky Mound;

* The Right Honourable THOMAS Duke of LEEDS,
Lord-Treasurer to King CHARLES II.

The Figure disproportion'd, chang'd,
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants in Order rang'd;
Stock'd it, with such excessive Store,
Only the spacious Earth has more:
At His Command the Plat was chose,
And Eden from the Chaos rose:

Confusion in a Moment fled,
And Roses blush'd where Thistles bred.

The Portico next, High he rear'd,
By Builders now so much rever'd;
(Which like some Rustic Beauty shows,
Who all her Charms to Nature owes ;
Yet fires the Heart, and warms the Head,
No less than those in Cities bred ;
Our Wonder equally does raise
With them, as well deserves our Praise.)

The Work of Jones's Master-Hand :
Jones, the Virtuoso of our Land ;
He drew the Plan, the Fabric fix'd,
With equal Strength, and Beauty mix'd ;
With perfect Symmetry design'd ;
Consummato, like the Deon's Mind.

Illustrious DANBY ! Splendid Peer !
Look downwards from thy Radiant Sphere,
The Muse's Thanks propitious bear.

When

132 POEMS on several Occasions.

When Albion will thy Nobles now,
Such Bounty to Minerva show ?
With true Patrician Renown,
In Honour of the Church and Crown,
Grace, with such Gifts, the Muse's Town ?

There, where Old Cherwell gently leads
His humid Train, along the Meads ;
And courts fair Isis, but in vain,
Who laughs at all his am'rous Pain ;
Away the scornful Naiad turns,
For Younger Tamus, if it burns,

Close to those Tow'rs, * To much renown'd
For Slav'ry lost, and Freedom found ;
Where thy Brave Sons! in hapless Days,
Wainfleas : To thy Immortal Praise !
Their Rights Municipal maintain'd
Submiss, nor their Allegiance stain'd ;
To Loyalty and Conscience true,
Gave Cesar, and Themselves their Due.

Close to those Tow'rs, by Jove's Command,
The Gardens of Minerva stand.

There 'tis we see Thee, BOBART, tend
Thy fav'rite Greens ; from Harms defend
Exotic Plants, which finely Bred
In softer Soils, Thy Succour need ;

* Magdalen College.

Whose

Whose Birth far distant Countries claim,
Sent here in Honour to Thy Name,

To Thee the Strangers trembling fly,
For Shelter from our barb'rous Sky,
And murd'ring Winds, that frequent blow,
With cruel Drifts of Rain or Snow;
And dreadful Ills, both Fall and Spring,
On alien Vegetables bring.

Nor art Thou less inclin'd to save,
Than they Thy gen'rous Aid to crave:
But with like Pleasure and Respect,
Thy darling Tribe Thou dost Protect:
Lessen their Fears, their Hopes dilate,
And save their fragrant Souls from Fate:
While they secure in Health and Peace,
Their Covert, and their Guardian bles.

This makes Thee rise at break of Day,
Thy doubtful Nurs'ry to survey:
At Noon to count Thy Flock with Care,
And in their Joys and Sorrows share:
(By each Extream unhappy made,
Of too much Sun, or too much Shade;)
Be ready to attend their Cry,
And all their little Wants supply:
By Day severest 'Sentry keep,
By Night sit by 'em as they sleep:

With

With endless Pain, and endless Pleasure,
As Misers guard their hoarded Treasure.

'Till soft *Favonius* fans the Flow'rs,
Breathes balmy Dews, drops fruitful Show'r's
Favonius soft, who sweetly blows,
The Tulip paints, perfumes the Rose;
And with the gentle *Twin's* at Play,
Brings in th' *Elysian* Month of *May*.

Then boldly from their Lodge, You bring
Your Guests, to deck our gloomy Spring.

Thrice happy *Foreigners*! to find
From *Islanders*, such Treatment kind:
Not only undisturb'd to Live,
But by Thy Goodness, *BOBART*, Thrives
Grow strong, increase, their Verdure hold,
As dwelling in their native Mold.

The rest, who will no Culture know,
But ceaseless Curse our Rains and Snow;
A sickly, sullen, fretful Race;
The Gard'ner's, and his Art's disgrace:
Whom *BOBART*'s Self in vain does strive,
With all his Skill to keep alive;
Which from beneath th' *Aequator* come,
In India's sultry Forests bloom.

Of these, at least, since Nature more,
Denies t'increase thy Living Store,
Their Barks, or Roots, their Flow'rs, or Leaves;
Thy *Hortus Siccus* * still receives:
In Twenty Volumes, Work immense!
By Thee compil'd at vast Expence;
With utmost Diligence amass'd,
And shall as many Ages last.

And now, methinks, my Genius sees
My Friend, amidst his Plants and Trees;
Full in the Center there he stands,
Incircled with his verdant Bands;
Who all around Obsequious wait,
To know his Pleasure, and their Fate:
His Royal Orders to receive,
To grow, decay, to die or live;
That not the proudest Kings can boast,
A greater or more dutious Host.

THOU, all That Pow'r dost truly know,
Which They but dream of here Below;
Thy absolute Despotic Reign,
Inviolably dost maintain:
Nor, with ill-govern'd Wrath, affright
Thy People, or insult their Right:
(But as Thy Might, in Greatness grows,
Thy Mercy, in Proportion flows:)

* i.e. A Collection of Plants, preserv'd in Paper Books.

136 POEMS on several Occasions.

Nor they Undutiful deny,
What's due to Lawful Majesty.
Safe in Thy Court from all the Cares,
Domestic Treasons, Foreign Wars,
Which Monarchs, and their Crowns perplex,
Whom Factions still, or Fav'rites vex.

But THOU, on Thy Botanic Throne,
Sit'st Fearless, Uncontroll'd, Alone:
Thy Realms in Tu'mults ne'er involv'd,
Or Rising, are as soon dissolv'd :
Free from the Mischiefs, and the Strife,
Of a False Friend, or Fury Wife :
And if a rebel Slave, or Son,
Audacious by Indulgence grown,
Presumes above his Mates to rise,
And their dull Loyalty despise;
THOU, Awful Sultan! with a Look,
Can't all his Arrogance rebuke;
And darting one Imperial Frown,
Hurl the bold Traitor headlong down :
His Breth'ren trembling at his Fate,
Thy dread Commands with Rev'rence wait :
Thy wond'rous Pow'r, and Justice own,
And learn t'affert a tott'ring Throne.

Thus Kings, who are in Empire wise,
Rebellions, early, shou'd Chaffise;
And give their Clemency no Time,
Betwixt th' Offender, and the Crime,

With

With fatal Eloquence to plead,
Which does more Rebels only breed.

BOBART, to Kings Thy Rules commend,
For Thou to Monarchs art a Friend.

Thus, Sov'reign PLANTER! I have Paid
The Debt, the promis'd Present made:
Do THOU, what's written for Thy Sake
With Freedom, with like Freedom, take:
Take the just Praise Thy Friend does give,
And in my Verse for ever Live.

————— *Tibi candida Nasis*
Pallentes violas & summa papaveria carpens,
Narcissum, & florem jungit bene olentis anesbi.

Virg. Eccl. 2.



Written by Dr. EVANS in a Blank-
Leaf of Dr. TRAPP's Blank-Versel-
Translation of VIRGIL.

Read the Commandments, TRAPP, Translate no further,
For there 'tis written, *Thou shall do No Murder.*



CANNONS.

Inscrib'd to his GRACE the

DUKE of CHANDOS.

By SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Esq;

Par domus est Cælo, sed minor est Domino.

Martial.

Written in the Year 1718.

WHILST You, my Lord, acquire a deathless Name,
And shine unrival'd in the Rolls of Fame;
Whilst your great Conduct is a Nation's boast,
And they best please Mankind who praise; You most;
Whilst Heav'n to You its chosen Bliss extends,
And Grandeur, duteous, on your Days attends;

Appear

Appear, great Prince, propitious to the Lays
 That join with Millions to proclaim your Praise.
 O! may I prosper in the Theme I love,
 And fortunately sing what You approve:
 Mankind will favour my sincere Designs,
 And Cannons rise applauded in the Lines.

Envy, that sullen Foe to human Bliss,
 Parent of Rage, and Ravisher of Peace,
 Had long triumphant rul'd o'er many a Land,
 And gain'd low Homage to her stern Command:
 And oft, alas! in Albion's mighty State,
 The pale *Implacable* had fix'd her Seat.
 Mischiefs and Woe surround her ghastly Throne,
 The grieving Murmur, and the hollow Groan;
 Despair, that drives the Wretched to the Tombs,
 And Deaths relentless to a youthful Bloom.
 Her Transports rise at human Pains and Fears,
 At falling Families, and guiltless Tears.
 Gay Pleasure, and the gentle Voice of Joy,
 And soft Prosperity, her Peace destroy.
 Harmonious Love her sharpest Rage supplies,
 And prosper'd Merit blasts her baleful Eyes.
 The Scenes of Misery and wasting Woe,
 Are all the Happiness the Fiend can know.

Long had she thus enjoy'd her dire Repose,
 Her Sway extended, and her Triumphs rose;
 When now approach, the long-devoted Hour,
 That Heav'n decreed to crush her lawless Pow'r.

To

140 POEMS on several Occasions.

To view her Empire in the British Land,
And gain new Vassals to her proud Command ;
With Ruin to regale her hateful Sight,
The Fury hasten'd her pernicious Flight :
With fatal Speed as she pursu'd her Way,
Pleas'd with the Prospect of her impious Sway,
The rising Sun, affrighted as she flew,
The radiant Glories of the Morn withdrew ;
Around his Orb, a Veil of Shade she cast,
And injur'd Nature startled as she past ;
The Stream's ran Sable thro' their winding Beds,
And dying Plants bow'd down their wither'd Heads ;
Malignant Steams invade the blooming Field,
Their fragrant Lives the languid Lilies yield ;
Th' unwilling Groves resign their lovely Green,
And blasted Landscapes fill the barren Scene.

Whilst thus the Fiend pursues her wasteful Flight,
Unnumber'd Triumphs charm her eager Sight.
Frequent in sad Variety appear
Painful Magnificence, and golden Care.
Where-e'er she march'd, the mournful Prospects show
Pompous Distress, and Palaces of Woe.

Impell'd by Fate, at length the Fury flew
Where Edgworth's Vales appear'd in blooming View ;
Amaz'd she saw, whate'er could charm the Eyes
In one soft Prospect beautifully rise :
Here all the Graces made their gay Retreat,
Pleas'd with the Verdure of a Scene so sweet :

The

P O E M S on several Occasions. 141

The Streams swell'd gently with the breathing Gales,
And murmur'ring glitter'd thro' the sunny Vales:
Here sporting Flocks in painted Meadows play'd;
And Linnets warbled in the woodland Shade;
Whilst new-born Flora, in her bright Array,
Smil'd in the Sunshine, and perfum'd the Day.

Envy, astonish'd at a Scene so fair,
Ceas'd her long Voyage thro' the Wastes of Air.
With fierce malignant Rage she gaz'd around;
And thought she hover'd o'er enchanted Ground.
Her black Infection now no more prevails,
Lost in the Fragrance of the balmy Gales.
Aw'd as from Heav'n, she found her Power decay,
And saw the Vales inviolably gay.
So Satan, when he lost the Realms of Bliss,
And vow'd to ruin our grand Parent's Peace;
In the dire Progress of his fatal Spite,
Fled through the Chaos in a Storm of Night:
But when he gain'd the golden Bounds of Day,
And view'd each Glory with a grim Survey.
The bright Creation rais'd his hateful Care,
And Paradise promoted his Despair.

Such Pangs of Rage the tortur'd Fury fill'd,
Wond'ring he view'd, and curs'd what she beheld;
She fear'd some heav'nly Guardian govern'd there,
And made the Beauties of the Place his Care.
In Agonies of Wrath she gaz'd around;
And soon, the Causes that oppress'd her, found.

Where

142 Poems on several Occasions.

Where the stretch'd Plains their lovely Bloom disclose,
A stately Pile majestically rose.
Her wond'ring Eyes beheld in every Part
A Blaze of Grandeur and the Force of Art.
Magnificent o'er all the Fabric shin'd
The rich Profusion of a Royal Mind.
Stretch'd like a Sea, beneath his grand Survey
The verdant Level of the Meadows lay.
He, Monarch like, his awful State maintains,
Swells o'er the Landscape, and commands the Plains:
His Pomp the Prospect all around refines,
And ev'ry Object with his Lustre shines:
In each bright View a softer Bloom is seen,
Brooks seem more limpid, and the Groves more green.
So the bright Sun from his Æthereal Way,
Adorns each Object with the glorious Day;
Mountains and Vales a shining Scene unfold,
And the wide Prospect seems to rise in Gold,

Now round the noble Pile the Fury flew,
And fir'd her Anger with the wond'rous View.
Rich Strokes of Grandeur all around her shine,
A chaste Magnificence, and just Design.
She saw Perfection reign in ev'ry Part;
And own'd the Palace had exhausted Art.

Or, when she next a softer Scene pursues,
And the green Progress of a Vista views,
Where the fond Eye a verdant Pleasure gains,
And Thickets open thro' a Length of Plains;

P O E M S on several Occasions. 143

Envie reluctant, feels a strange Delight,
Such Beauties mingle to refresh the Sight.
In the mid-View, a Basin's ample Round
Contains an Ocean in its noble Bound;
Whilst Stanmore, proud to send the vast Supply,
Drains the long Ridge of all his Mountains dry.

The Gardens next her vengeful Eyes engage,
And almost tempt her to renounce her Rage.
The fairest Seat of Pleasure she surveys,
That Art could finish, or that Cost could raise.
Here, gay Parterres disclose their fragrant Bloom;
There, Thickets form a venerable Gloom:
Mere, Statues breathing from the Artist's Hand,
An awful Troop majestically stand:
Such Forms the Eyes of Nature might deceive;
So well the polish'd Marble seems to live,
No Scene with more Profusion can impart
The Sweets of Nature, with the Charms of Art.
Here, winding Channels roll their costly Rills,
Drawn from their Sources in the distant Hills;
And there a Lake, where tallest Barks might fail,
Fills the wide Bosom of a proud Caual:
The wand'ring Treasures hospitably flow,
To evr'y Plant their liquid Life bestow;
Keep the fair Prospect redolent and gay,
Through all the Fervours of the glowing Days;
And check each sultry Season that invades
The verdant Solitudes, and cooling Shades.

When

144 POEMS on several Occasions.

When *Tisan's* Ray a burning Vengeance sheds,
And drinks deep Rivers from their oozy Beds;
When *Jove* no more descends in grateful Rains,
To gasping Furrows, and the wither'd Plains,
Dry Desolation wastes the fading Field,
And dusty Groves their blasted Honours yield;
Plants, Herbs and Flowers in one sad Scene appear,
The mingled Ruins of the scorching Year.
But *Cannons* never mourns the raging Heats,
Nor yields the Verdure of his green Retreats:
His treasur'd Floods in stately Currents run,
And scorn the Dog-star, and the Noon-day Sun;
To Bowers and Groves a fragrant Freshness give,
And bid the vegetable Nation live.

When *Chandos* has the matchless Work design'd,
And form'd the Plan of Wonders in his Mind,
No Climate can defeat his mighty Soul,
No Time discourage, and no Task controul.
Where *Cannons* now augustly rears his Pile,
Was once a *Scythian* Scene, and desert Soil:
It lay rebellious to the Hand of Art;
Nor Dews, nor Sunshine, could a Grace impart:
Till great *Caernarvon* did the Task assume,
And taught at once the barren Glebe to bloom.
The fruitful Labours with a genial Strife
Manur'd the blasted Acres into Life;
A verdant Carpet cloath'd the pregnant Land,
And Plants rose willing at his great Command:

The low-sunk Vallies then were taught to swell,
And Hills obsequious to a Level fell.
He form'd the sudden Shade of rising Woods;
And taught the Mountains where to roll their Floods.
O'er all the Wast, a blooming Change prevails,
A Desart rising to a grand *Versailles*.

Thus from rude Chaos, and his Atoms Strife,
Earth rose to Harmony, and teem'd with Life;
And sudden from the dark Domain of Night
A Heav'n of Stars emerg'd, immense'y bright.
Amaz'd! the blest Spectators view'd around
Creation starting from the black Profound;
And hail'd, with Transports of divine Surprise,
The Earth new blooming, and the dazzling Skies.

Mov'd with the Beauty of a Scene so sweet,
A-while ev'n Envy did her Rage forget:
She seem'd to wander with a milder Mien,
Through winding Allies of embow'ring Green.
A-while the Fiend consented to be blest;
Nor felt the burning Vipers in her Breast:
But unreluctant seem'd to entertain
A secret Joy she never knew till then :
So well such Wonders could a-while controul
The hateful Anguish of her tortur'd Soul.
But this soft Passion she at length suppress'd,
And Rage reviv'd in her malignant Breast;
For Envy never can be long at Rest.

146 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whate'er her Thoughts could form, she now design'd,
And pale Revenge rose dreadful in her Mind.
Proud Impotence! what Shame attends the Foe,
When Heav'n and *Chandos* were united so?
Fierce as she seem'd, on Vengeance vainly bent,
Yet much she doubted of the wish'd Event.
Her former Triumphs but inflame her more,
Since here her Pride proves destitute of Pow'r.
Thus *Archimedes*, by his wond'rous Art,
Could make huge Towers from their Foundations start,
Remove a Mountain from the loaded Plain,
And heave whole Navies from the crowded Maia;
But when, the utmost of his Skill to prove,
He proudly wish'd the World's whole Weight to move,
He found no Place to act the daring Boast,
And the Pow'r fail'd him where he wish'd it most.
Ah me! said *Envy*, must I now behold
My Pow'r, my Glory, and my Peace controul'd?
Whilst Kings and Empires at my Altars bow,
With Shame I suffer from a single Foe.
Could I great *Churchill's* mighty Name invade,
And blast the Laurels on his awful Head?
Save Tyrants from the Terrors of his Sword,
Whilst half the World its Hero's Loss deplo'red?
Tho' now he reigns amidst the blest Abodes,
A crown'd Companion of the Demi-Gods;
And Fame, more faithful to the glorious Trust,
Guards his great Relicks, and adorns his Dust:
Yet once he yielded to my potent Reign,
When Nations arm'd to daunt his Soul in vain;

When

When all the Thunder of the Gaul he scorn'd,
And Bourbon's Spoils his dreadful Arms adorn'd.

But ah! the Trophies of my former Pow'r
Increase my Anguish, at this killing Hour.

Aw'd and oppress'd by some malignant Fate,
I praise the Wonders that my Soul should hate:
Or Chandos well deserves his matchless Fame,
Or I have lost my boasted Art to blame;
So just indeed his Praises seem to prove,
Even I would utter them, could I but love.

How could this Hero find the wond'rous Art,
To make whole Kingdoms his Applause impart?
To make even those whom angry Discord sways
Unite, to publish his unbounded Praise?
In vain Invention to degrade him seeks,
Even Calumny grows candid when he speaks.

Ah! let me hasten to some sad Retreat,
Where Solitude has fixt her silent Seat;
Where I no more this hateful Scene may know;
But in the Night of Thicket breathe my Woe.

There let me ever entertain my Eyes,
Where some fam'd Abby in low Ruin lies;
Where Ivy, shrouding what old Time devours,
Winds its pale Arms around the broken Towers;
Where Moss-cloath'd-Iles a solemn length extend,
And mould'ring Arches reverendly bend:
There let me walk o'er many a low-sunk Tomb,
Whilst Echoes rattle thro' the holy Gloom:
There whilst my Sorrows to the Shades I tell,
Midst the dim Covert of some sacred Cell,

148 POEMS on several Occasions.

O! might I mortal prove, and yield my Breath
A willing Victim to the Dart of Death!
Then should I ever in Oblivion rest,
And Chandos' Merit would no more molest;
No longer should I feel this painful Flame,
Nor mourn my want of Pow'r to wound his Name.
But ah! why thus my Soul do I deceive,
And impotently labour to relieve?
In vain with Solitude, with Shade in vain,
I wish to conquer this eternal Pain:
Retreats avail not, for his Fame invades
The wildest Solitudes, and deepest Shades.
Must then my Pangs no Mitigation know?
And shall his Conduct ever crush me so?
Not one kind Instance may I e'er expect,
Where humble Merit mourns his cold Neglect?
Ah no! his Bounty to the polish'd Arts
Deprives me daily of a thousand Hearts.
Reward from Him with such Profusion flows,
He seems Himself oblig'd when he bestows;
And bears his Grandeur with such graceful Ease,
That he appears pre-eminent, to please.
Mankind his Merit with such Joy displays,
No Place can now protect me from his Praise.

Whilst all-despairing Envy thus express'd
The rising Anguish of her burning Breast,
A lovely Vision, cloath'd with shining white,
Descended dazzling from the Realms of Light:

P O E M S on several Occasions. 149

Her Looks were mixt with Majesty sublime,
And Virgin Beauty in its lovely Prime ;
Her heavenly Locks, with Amaranths array'd,
Wav'd o'er her Shoulders with a graceful Shade ;
Her Sky-dipt Zone, with glowing Saphires grac'd,
The Snow-white Swelling of her Breast embrac'd :
She made all Nature at her Presence bloom,
And fill'd the Region with a rich Perfume.

But *Envy*, trembling with a wild Surprise,
View'd the bright Vision with malignant Eyes :
She knew *Afrea* in her Charms confess'd,
And felt a thrilling Horror in her Breast ;
She tore the Tresses of her snaky Hair,
And look'd more hateful, near a Form so fair.

With rosy glowing Looks, the heav'nly Maid
The Odious Spectre for a-while survey'd :
At length her Silence the bright Goddess broke,
And thus with beauteous Indignation spoke.
O ! Monster foul, rejected and abhor'd,
By Man below, and Heav'n's immortal Lord !
Durst thou, presumptuous, in this Place appear,
Whish Heav'n assigns to my peculiar Care ?
Or think'ft thou, with thy wonted Arts, to gain
This fair Addition to thy hateful Reign ?
In Impotent Attempts thou dost engage ;
These bright Possessions scorn thy feeble Rage.
Could'st thou thy Throne in this soft Scene display,
Where would'st thou find a Subject to obey ?

150 POEMS on several Occasions.

Who can the Merit of great *Chandos* know,
And to that Merit own himself a Foe?
As soon may Mortals with Aversion shun
The grateful Splendor of the golden Sun;
As soon the Gloom of endless Night approve,
As such pure Virtue they can cease to love.
Behold the Clouds his wond'rous Bounty rais'd ;
And then declare if he's unjustly prais'd.
Couldst thou but view his secret Succours flow,
To needy Merit, and to modest Woe ;
But this he will not suffer thee to see,
For here his Goodness even pities thee :
He will not blast thee with the fatal Sight ;
His private Favours are his best Delight.
But those fam'd Acts which to thy Knowledge come,
Are more than capable to strike thee dumb.
That Piety, which his great Conduct joins,
In all the Beauty of Devotion shines,
Rais'd by the Practice of so pure a Mind,
Religion gains the Homage of Mankind :
Virtue's bright Laws in all their Charms appear ;
And Sanctity no longer seems severe.
In vain thy hateful Presence here invades
These blooming Walks, and unpolluted Shades.
Retire for ever, by my fixt Command,
From this fair *Eden* of the *British* Land :
To that renowned Pile approach no more ;
All there is Sacred, and defies thy Pow'r.
I'll guard the Glory of its mighty Lord,
Whilst thou shalt pine abandon'd, and abhor'd.

P O E M S on several Occasions. 15

The murmur'ring Fury her Command obey'd;
And trembling, fled from the Celestial Maid:
Then sunk to Chaos, where amidst the Gloom,
She mourn'd her fixt irrevocable Doom.

And now the Goddess, with a pleasing Mien,
Enjoys the Beauties of the florid Scene;
Views the sweet Solitude of waving Woods,
And the clear floating of the crystal Floods:
Sees a new Paradise around her rise;
Nor once regrets her Absence from the Skies.

To grateful Joy resign'd, the Heav'n-born Maid:
The royal Splendor of the Pile survey'd.
Beneficently bright with Smiles she gaz'd;
And each Perfection of the Palace prais'd:
Blest the Rewards on such pure Merit plac'd,
And hail'd the Grandeur so divinely grac'd.

Now the blest Power, as thro' the Dome she pass'd,
O'er her bright Form concealing Shadows cast.
Here she beheld the grateful Arts combine,
To make their great Protector's Palace shine.
Such breathing Sculpture so deludes the Eyes;
Such soft Creations from the Pencil rise;
The golden Roofs around so richly glow;
The shining Rooms such just Proportions show;
The stately Columns in such Marble swell,
And each bright Prospect courts the View so well.

152 POEMS on several Occasions.

That fair *Astrea* feels a new Surprise,
And views each Glory with unsated Eyes.

Nor were her Thoughts to this bright Scene confin'd,
A nobler Prospect rises in her Mind :
She view'd those Wonders, as the just Reward
Due to the Merit of their matchless Lord.
She trac'd his Life benevolently great,
His Virtues brighter than his shining State :
She saw, when Heav'n to prove its Pow'r design'd,
To what Perfection it could raise Mankind.
Her Ears had long been open to his Fame;
Such Numbers daily his Deserts proclaim,
To such pure Heights his just Applauses rise,
His Fame was now familiar to the Skies.

To view her Image in his Mind express'd,
Celestial Transports kindled in her Breast:
She felt such Pleasure she possest of Old,
When most she flourish'd in the Age of Gold:
The Wrongs she e'er sustain'd from lawless Power,
Seem all requited in this happy Hour.
To view her Glory so divine at last,
Proves a sweet Solace for each Sorrow past.
Thus when the Soul forsakes its dying Clay,
To gain the Mansions of immortal Day,
As she pursues her un retarded Flight,
Above the Steams of Earth, and Shades of Night,
Releas'd for ever from each thorny Woe,
That late diminish'd her Delight below,

She

She looks triumphant on the Bliss she gains;
And glides astonish'd o'er the azure Plains :
Surveys the Heav'ns in all their bright Array,
And swims in Rapture thro' a Flood of Day.





M A L P A S I A.

A

P O E M,

Sacred to the

M E M O R Y

Of the Right Honourable the

L A D Y M A L P A S. *

By Mr. H U M P H R E Y S.

*Nunc autem de te loquar, quam non ego amissam, aut
nobis penitus ademptam, velim dicere; cum illucescat
menti mea quotidie magis praeclarissima nominis tui tua-
rumque virtutum Gloria.*

Cic. de Consolat.

W HEN Heav'n has once with rich Profusion join'd
A spotless Form to an unblemish'd Mind,
We fondly hope, transported with the View,
That what's so lovely, will be lasting too,

And

* Only Daughter of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole. She died at Aix la Chapelle in France, and her Body in bringing over to be Interred at Houghton in Norfolk, was unfortunately cast away, and could not be recovered, in the Year 1731-2.

And to the Great Creator urge our Prayer,
 He long would lend us what he made so fair.
 If Death should then be privileg'd to gain
 The charming Object to his envious Reign,
 Disconsolate, we mourn the blighted Bloom
 Too soon devoted to the silent Tomb.

Such was MALPASIA, to our wond'ring View;
 As brightly perfect, and as transient too:
 A lovely Specimen to Mortals given,
 To intimate how Angels shine in Heaven:
 Her Soul to them so nearly was ally'd,
 Their Joys they thought defective till she dy'd.
 It seem'd injurious to the radiant Throng,
 That Earth detain'd their Ornament so long;
 They wish'd her summon'd to their blest Abodes
 To grace the Chorus of her Kindred Gods;
 And Heav'n, that form'd her for a Seraph there,
 Soon to her Seat Celestial call'd the Fair.

But ah! what Comfort can the Muse afford
 To ease the Pangs of her dejected L O R D !
 How reconcile him to this Shock of Fate,
 His Soul so tender, and his Loss so great!
 Let such whose happy Part it is to prove
 The grateful Intercourse of Mutual Love,
 Whose Nuptial Treasures of Delight contain
 The softest Bliss that Constancy can gain,
 Let such conceive th' illustrious Mourner's Pain.

Heav'n.

156 Poems on several Occasions.

Heav'n lately seem'd its Labours to employ,
To fix him in a Scene of chosen Joy:
His well weigh'd Merit made his Prince his Friend,
And public Honours did his Days attend.
All that beheld his blooming Glory grow,
Rejoic'd that Virtue was rewarded so.
What Destitution cou'd his Joys defeat,
When bright M A L P A S I A did those Joys compleat;
A rich Maturity of Charms she bore,
And still, exhaustless, was producing more:
Like the luxuriant Tree, that gives to view
His golden Fruit, and fragrant Blossoms too.
Each soft Delight their circling Hours did prove,
Smiles were their Strife; their Emulation, Love.
But Heav'n determin'd that the Youth shou'd know
The frail Uncertainty of all below,
Bid pale Mortality perform its Part,
And snatch the Charmer from his panting Heart.

In vain the Muse would whisper some Relief,
To calm the strong Invasion of his Grief:
What Consolation from a Muse can flow,
That feels the Anguish of a Social Woe!
When so much Virtue is so soon remov'd,
And none succeeds so worthy to be lov'd;
When C H A R I T Y, mild Goddess, seems distract,
Her Pow'r distributive in whom to vest,
Laments her Incapacity to find
A Substitute, like her M A L P A S I A, kind.

When

When at her Death the Desolate complain,
They now must find their Poverty a Pain;
And weeping Families around deplore
Their Pangs, suspended by her Alms before.
What conscious Eye can now refuse a Tear
To such a Death, that costs Mankind so dear?
The Muse, My L O R D, bewails the doleful View,
And pities thousands whilst she mourns for You.

Ye grateful Couds, who can so well express
M A L P A S I A's Bounty in your deep Distress,
Whose dear Benevolence you oft receiv'd,
When, in the Anguish of your Souls, ye griev'd;
Implore that God who rais'd you such a Friend,
That he his Comforts to her L O R D would lend,
Support his Soul beneath his Sorrow's Weight,
And teach Submission to the Will of Fate:
O ! let your Gratitude be thus approv'd,
And bless the Man your kind M A L P A S I A lov'd!

But whilst this mournful Theme my Lays pursue,
What Godlike Form now rises to my View?
Affliction near him her sad Station keeps,
The F R I E N D, the P A T R I O T, and the F A T H E R weeps.
With how much Eloquence his Sighs confess
The B e s t are not exempted from Distress!
O ! may the Guardian of our Glory know
Some Intermission of his flowing Woe!
With thee the Genius of B R I T A N N I A mourns,
Griev'd for the Hero that her Realms adorns.

158 · P O E M S on several Occasions.

Ah ! let not Sighs thy Sacred Hours invade,
When EUROPE calls for thy important Aid :
Prosperity and Peace obsequious wait
Thy great Dispatch to each expecting State :
Monarchs their Anguish in thy Sorrows see,
And half the World must be unblest with Thee.

Thus the great CRCEO, the Pride of ROME,
Like You, lamented o'er his TULLIA'S Tomb ;
A-while the Stroke of unrelenting Fate
Opprest the Guardian of the LATIAN State :
But soon as he perceiv'd that his Despair
Depriv'd the Public of his Genial Care,
The Patriot's Duty chas'd the Parent's Pain,
And his rich Wisdom blest the World again.



S O E U R



S O E U R J E A N N E.

Soeur Jeanne ayant fait un poupon,

Jeûnoit, vivoit en sainte fille;

Toujours étoit en oraison;

Et toujours ses Soeurs à la grille.

Un jour donc l'Abbesse leur dit;

Vivez comme Soeur Jeanne vit;

Fuyez le monde & sa sequelles.

Toutes reprirent à l'instant:

Nous serons aussi sages qu'elle,

Quand nous en auront fait autant.

Sister JANE, from FONTAINE.

J ENNY with holy Heat run mad,

A pretty, little, Bye-blow had;

Carnalities her seeming hate,

Her Sisters meer Coquets at Grate.

Dame Abess bid them Truth receive,

Live Girls, as you see J ENNY Live;

Forsake the World, and fly from Evil,

Your precious Souls keep from the Devil.

They in an Instant All reply'd,

J ENNY is an unerring Guide;

We'll All at her DEVOTION be,

Whene'er WE know as much as SHE.

The

The SAME by Mr. OZELL.

SISTER JANE, a Bye-blow had:

Then fasted, liv'd sedate,

Was always at her Pray'rs and sad:

Her Sisters at the Grate.

One Day the Abbess Counsel gives,

To live as Sister JENNY lives;

To shun the World and Company——

A Sister straight replies,

When WE have DONE as MUCH as SHE,

WE too shall be as WISE.

ON

M A R R I A G E.

By MR. BUTLER, Author of
HUDIBRAS.

BY what Authority do Clergy

In solemn Riddle strictly charge ye,

Where-e'er you live, in Parish, or-Ward,

To Have and Hold from this Day forward?

As if the Parson were the Sentry,

To Watch and Ward Love's narrow Entry,

POEMS on several Occasions. 161

Or Turn-Key of the sacred Padlock,
That lets you into lawful Wedlock:
Who upon Fits still of Erection,
Must to the Doctor for Direction:
Who always does the Patient Answer,
By Licence, or by Public Ban, Sir.
As if oblig'd to publish Priapismus,
At ev'ry Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas.
Or else, the pert Religious Praters
Will-damn ye All for Fornicators.

Is not a juicy Girl more moving,
Who never knew the Art of Loving?
And where's the harm of This, dear FANNY?
By Heav'n He lies, who says there's any.

A Mistress is a Wife in Common,
Appropriated yet to no Man:
A Wife's a Miss inclos'd; for Wiving
'sbut a Monopoly of S——ving.

A Fox had lost his Tail, and for-all
You are no Fox, you know the Moral;
When Men engag'd would once enslave Us,
We'll keep the Freedom Nature gave Us.



T O



T O

Mr. HARCOURT,*

OCCASIONED

By his Fathering the VERSES
to Lady Catherine Hyde. §

By Mr. SEWELL.

DEAR SIM, by Wits extoll'd, by Wits cry'd down,
Each Way become the Proverb of the Town!

To KITTY's Favour with Success aspire,
The second Place by Merit You acquire,
But HE who wrote the Verses, must be PRIOR.

* The Honourable Simon Harcourt, Esq; Son of the Lord Chancellor.

§ See page 65, of this Volume.

TO

UPON



U P O N

Reading Mr. PRIOR's Poems.

I.

B Efore APOLLO's Shrine I Pray'd,
That I by Verse to Fame might rise:
Read the best Poet, PHOEBUS said,
And place his Works before your Eyes.

II.

Best Poet! — O great PHOEBUS how,
How may this Pattern-Wit be found?
What Age produc'd the Man, whom These
With this high Character hast crown'd?

III.

Does He among the DEAD reside;
Or dwell with Those who now survive?
Thus I — when PHOEBUS quick reply'd,
Go, ask if PRIOR's still ALIVE.

HARLEY



H A R L E Y.
A N

E P I S T L E,

From the COUNTRY,

To a Friend in the CITY, 1722.

By a Clergyman in ESSEX.

FAIN would I, Sir, what You advis'd fulfil;
But find my Strength unequal to my Will.

Pain would I Godlike HARLEY's Worth rehearse,
(Heroic Virtue in Heroic Verse.)

A Constellation of Perfections met

In one great Man which few could singly get.

The Scholar, Churchman, Patriot, Husband, Son,
Each shining in his Sphere, and ALL in ONE.

But choak'd with Phlegm, I strive to raise in vain
My feeble Voice to such a lofty strain.

In

P O E M S on several Occasions. 163

In vain invoke the God of Verse and Day,
Where daily Fogs obstruct his Heav'ly Ray.
In vain the tuneful Sisters Aid implore,
Now P R I O R's gone, they'll visit Us no more.
In short; from Scholars, Books, and all remote,
That might improve or raise a lively Thought,
I, like my Fellow-labourer within
The Spider, from my self, my Web must spin,
A homely Web which could not, were it made,
Become a Lord, but in a Masquerade.

I might as well with Laths and sorry Loam
Attempt to raise my Lord a lofty Dome;
As out of my poor Stock of Wit to frame
A Poem worth his Reading or his Name.
A Plowman's Journey or a Milkmaid's Fate,
I may perhaps in Doggrel Rhimes relate,
Describe a Rooding-Road, an Essex-Fen;
But noble Themes require a noble Pen,
A well-read Scholar both in Books and Men.
One whose rich Vein with bright Ideas flows,
And, how to use them all with Judgment, knows,
Whose polish'd Lines, in nicest Order plac'd,
Tho' often read ne'er cloy the nicest Taste.

But my poor scanty Genius can't afford
A proper Entertainment for my Lord.
A small Collection gather'd round the Fields
Of simple Images, is all it yields;

Which

166 Poems on several Occasions.

Which shou'd I dress with utmost Skill and Care,
I shou'd but treat my *Lord* with *Farmer's Fare*.
My Muse to *Grubstreet* Dawbing is confin'd
For want of Colours of a better kind;
And shou'd I paint with these, I should disgrace,
But not describe great HARLEY's Godlike Face.

Let POPE's harmonious Pen, that lately drew
So well the *Father*, * in the Son *pursue*
The noble Subject. Each deserves his Lays,
And each affords an endless Theme of Praise,
He need not search the Monuments of *Greece*
For Tales of Antient Heroes, when he sees
Two living Heroes worth them All in These.
But my poor feeble Muse must lowly fly,
And leave sublimer Poets Tracks so high.

Besides whate'er my Genius once cou'd boast,
Ere it was shipwrack'd on this barren Coast,
When in my younger Years I did pursue
Some little Traffic with the World and You,
'Tis lost and gone: And rustic Prose and Phraſe
Have long ago usurp'd the Muses Place.
Long have I liv'd in this forlorn Abode,
An Exile from the learned World abroad,
A Pris'ner in a *Country-Cure* immur'd
The Term of Years the Siege of *Troy* endur'd;
And in these Years my Loss amounts to more
Than what I gain'd as many Years before.

* See The Dedication to Parnell's Poems.

P O E M S on several Occasions. 167

So that at best I can but now produce
The sapless Product of a blasted Muse.
Exert the vain Efforts of Nature curst,
And stunted in the Growth, tho' weak at first.
A Fetter'd-wretch may Jingle in his Chain,
And so may I, but Jingle Both in vain.

But what is worse. In *Essex* watry Plains
The G O D of *Dulness*, mopish H I P P O reigns:
Where Fogs exhal'd from Fens and Moats support
In gloomy Columns his *Fantastic Court*.
He seems a stupid Image made of Clay;
And talks by Starts, as Persons dreaming may.
He walks as if his Limbs were made of Lead,
And Vapours form a Circle round his Head.
A Circle, somewhat like, you often saw
About the Sun, or Moon, before a Thaw.
A Tyrant *He*; devoid of Sense, or Shame,
Who Chains, and Tortures, *those* he cannot blame;
And rules with such an Arbitrary Sway,
That all we have, but Life, is swept away.

His heavy Chains for several Years I bore,
And all his fancied Tortures o'er and o'er.
He seiz'd on all the little Stock I brought;
And left me scarce behind one sprightly Thought.
The Hand is manacled that guides my Pen,
As by the Slips you easily may Ken.
And you may soon perceive by what is writ,
How poor I am, and destitute of Wit.

168 POEMS on several Occasions.

But shou'd I now thus destitute proceed
To sing great HARLEY's Praise, I must be hipp'd indeed.

Tho' shou'd MINERVA still some Pity show
Or HARLEY, her Lord-Treasurer below,

To whom she now the Care of All enjoins,

Her Grecian, Latin, and her Modern Coins.

From ev'ry Nation her Revenues come

To Wimpole-Library, an endless Sum.

Shou'd they redeem me from the Tyrant's Hand,

Like Slaves from Turkey to some Christian Land,

Where once again my Long-imprison'd Mind

Might labour for its Living unconfin'd.

Where my starv'd Muse might feed on better Fare,

And find Digestion in a purer Air:

Then wou'd She spread her Wings, and strain a Flight

To reach, if possible, great HARLEY's height.

The bright Expansion of his Praise I'd try,

Altho' like ICARUS, by soaring high,

My Pinions dropt me headlong from the Sky.



T H E

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER
TRANSVERSED
To the STORY of the
COUNTRY-MOUSE,
AND THE
CITY-MOUSE.

*Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.
Hind and Panther.
Nec vult PANTHERA domari. Quæ Genus.*

LONDON:
Printed for Samuel Birt, 1734.

И. И. Т.

Д. И. Г. Н.

И. И. Т. А. И. А.

Д. И. Г. Н. А. И. А.

И. И. Т. А. И. А.

Д. И. Г. Н. А. И. А.

Д. И. Г. Н. А. И. А.

И. И. Т. А. И. А.

Д. И. Г. Н. А. И. А.



THE P R E F A C E.*

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, that the best Things are capable of being turned to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesqued, and Virgil Travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonery; and that in like manner, the Hind and Panther may be an exact Poem, tho' it is the Subiect of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors were wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as Easy to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil;

* The References in this Critique, are made to the Original Quarto Edition of the Hind and Panther.

The P R E F A C E.

as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez wrote very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they were wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories, which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the Vulgar into understanding by surprising them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrowed Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which he stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before

The P R E F A C E.

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour Preach'd the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the Scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country-Wench use the Language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther; to bring them in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the Schools? Tho' as to the Arguments themselves, these, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his Expressions, there is nothing wrested to make them ridiculous, the Terms are sometimes altered to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge misunderstood is not at all better Sense than Understanding misunderstood, tho' it is confess the Author can play with Words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

The P R E F A C E.

There are other Mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. It is hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But it is almost impossible to think that any Man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen. * He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, that that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; and to set it beyond dispute, makes the Infallible Guide || affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, or at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen! no they so much as Rhime?

We may have this comfort under the Severity of his Satire, to see his Abilities equally lessened with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new

* Difference betwixt a Protestant and Socinian, p. 62
|| Ibid. p. 92.

Mother

The P R E F A C E.

Mother Hind, she Disciplined him severely, she commanded him, it seems, to sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it, effectually, he published this learned Piece.* This is the favourable Construction we would put on his Faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to libel the Court, blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation,† rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only established Religion?‡ And we must now congratulate him in this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, it is the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor change sides meerly to keep his Hand in use.

* p. 90. † Pref. Hind. Pan. ‡ p. 87.

The P R E F A C E.

This Heroic Temper of his has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concerned in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concerned, but the Author himself, and nothing ridiculed but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you will not take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.



T H E



THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER
TRANSVERSED
To the STORY of the
COUNTRY and the CITY MOUSE.

SCENE *the Devil-Tavern in Fleetstreet.*

Johns. Bayes, Johnson, Smith.
Johns. **H**AH! my old Friend Mr. Bayes, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Sword's point; for if you are not come over to the Royal Party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you. *

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? Of my Conscience my Intentions were honourable.

* Pref. to Hind and Panther. p. 1.

Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the marks of your Conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the stamp with mine, 'Gad I may be knockt down for all your fair Promises.'

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou art under these apprehensions? upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frightened, as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation* is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body. +

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National-Concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politics, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this profaneness, I am altered since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. Johnson, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. Smith, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant --- Good life be now my Task. *

Johns. Nay Faith, we won't part so: believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Baſe* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

* Prof. Ibid. + p. Ibid. ♦ p. 3.

Bayes.

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part
he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. Bayes, have you lost your Palate?
you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *senses* must be *starved* that
the soul may be *gratified*. Men of your Kidney make
the *senses* the *supreme Judge**; and therefore bribe 'em
high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em
aside.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking
on both sides? you make the separation greater than I,
thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat Rosy-colour'd
Fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a
Tarki†.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. Bayes, one might suspect your
Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an
Heretick as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I hope
ere long I shall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for
the strait Gate. †

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill Hands, your Confessor
gives you more severe rules than he practises; for not long
ago a fat Friar was thought a true Character.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess
I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings; but
since you have put me upon that subject, I'll shew you
a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I
am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's
the King's Health to thee —— Communicate.

* p. 21. † p. Ibid. † p. 5.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I will be bold to say, the exactest Piece the World ever saw, a *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no Bigots.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by the Way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt Contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps; and to shew you how far I can outdo any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace*'s design, but I'gad, have so outdone him, you shall be ashamed for your old *Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere *Mice*, that I wonder it has pleased the World so long. But now will I undeceive Mankind, and teach them to brighten, and elevate a *Fable*. I will bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that I'gad, as you shall see either of them could easily make an *Ass* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked *Story*, I have more Copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I lanch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty pages together; then I fall into *Raptares*, and make the Finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns.

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two Mice?

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not great and heroical? but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all Criticks. Thus it begins.

A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without unsotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for she knew no Ginn. p. i.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an immortal Mouse; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted Homer for some Celestial Provision.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the Latin one, which I have marked by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet had she oft been scar'd by bloody Claws p. ii.
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkin's Paws
Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly, p. 2.
Tho' She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to die.

Smith. How came she that feared no Danger in the Line before, to be scared in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it chas'd if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid, mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was She doomed to Death, if She was fated not to die? are not doom and fate much the same thing?

Bayes.

Bayes. Nay, Gentlemen, if you question my skill in the Language, I am your humble Servant; the Rogues the Criticks, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it; I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated* are quite different Things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were *doom'd* to be hanged, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small Comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. Smith, mind the business in hand.

Not so her young; their Linsey-woolsy line,
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.

p. 2.

Smith. Certainly these *Heroes*, half Human, half Divine, have very little of the *Mouse* their Mother.

Bayes. Gadsokers! Mr. Johnson, does your Fiend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse* by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify *Priests*, *Martyrs*, and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in Gates's Plot. There's an excellent Latin Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesia*, and I think I have not wronged it in the Translation.

Of these as slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.

p. 2.

p. 3.

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred Brood was increased?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, though the Members be increased, mayn't it?

Johns.

Johns. Certainly, Mr. Bayes, a Church which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that opinion? Take it from me, Mr. Johnson, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more, Mr. Bayes? What could the *Mouſe* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why She reigned? had a *Diadem, Sceptre, and Ball*, 'till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so increas'd, She may try 't other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so she may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear her Title. Well but m'm for that, Mr. Smith.

The common hunt, She tim'rously past by,
For they made tame, *disdain'd her Company;*
They grim'd; She in a Fright trips o'er the Green,
For She was lov'd, wherever She was seen.

Johns. Well said, little Bayes. I faith the Criticks must have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant who'e'er he is offendes solido; but I go on.

The Independent Beast. ————— p. 3,

Smith. Who is that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why a Bear. Pox, is not that obvious enough?

In Groans her hate express,

Which, I'gad, is very natural to that Animal. Well! there's for the Independent: Now the Quaker; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A Bull, for aught I know.

Bayes. A Bull! O Lord! A Bull! no, no, a bare, a quaking bare. — Armarillis, because She wears Armour, 'tis the same Figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr. Johnson, no Man knows how to pun in Horribilibus my self, well you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking bare,

Her cruel Foe, because she would not swear,

And had profess'd neutrality.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. Bayes; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lion's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next her, the Buffoon Ape his body bear,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Compliment.

That galls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgelled every day for it.

The brist'ld Baptist Boar, impure as he,

Smith. As who?

Bayes.

Bayes. As the Courtier, let 'em e'en take it as they will,
I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em. p. 86.

Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity. p. 10.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears, And
pricks up. —— Now in one Word will I abuse the
whole Party most damnably —— and pricks up. ——
I'gad. I am sure you'll laugh — his Predestinating Ears.
Pr'ythee, Mr. Johnson, remember little Bayes, when next
you see a Presbyterian, and take notice if he has not Pre-
destination in the Shape of his Ear : I have studied Men
so long, I'll undertake to know an Arminian, by the set-
ting of his Wig. His Predestinating Ears, I'gad, there's
ne'er a Presbyterian shall dare shew his Head without a
Border : I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. Bayes, if any of 'em should come over
to the Royal Party, would their Ears alter ?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would shed their
Fanatical Lugs, and have just such well-turned Ears as I
have; mind this Ear, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are
much changed for the better within these two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance to fail
you might lose 'em, for what may change may fall.

Bayes. Mind, mind —
These fiery Zuinglians, meagre Calvin bred, p. 11.

Smith. Those, I suppose, are some Out-landish Beasts,
Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why, they were the
chief Reformers, but here I put 'em in so bad Company
because they were Enemies to my Mouse; and anon when
I am warmed, I'gad, you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors,*
*Captains, Horses, and Horsemen**, in the very same Breath.
You shall hear how I go on now.

Or else reforming Corah spawn'd this Class,
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

P. 11.

Johns. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, They are all lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the Leman-Lake: as a Catholick Queen sunk at Charing-Cross, and rose again at Queen-bith.

The Fox and he came shuffling in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.

P. 11.

Here I put a Query, whether there were any Socinians before the Flood, which I'm not very well satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drowned for that Heresy; which, among Friends, made me leave it.

Quoiken'd with Fire below, these Monsters breed
In Fenny Holland, and in Fruitful Tweed.

P. 12.

Now to write something new and out of the way, &c. &c. &c. and surprise, and all that, I fetch you see, this Quickening Fire from the Bottom of Boggs and Rivers.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the Virtuoso's making a Burning-glass of Ice.

Bayes. Why, was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was sheer-new to me; and I thought no Man had reconciled those Elements but my self! Well, Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as Homer has number'd his Ships, so I have ranged my Beasts. Here is my Bear and my Bear, and my Fox, and my Wolf, and the rest of 'em, all against my poor Mouse. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Snick. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad, I'd as soon make 'em dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad:

I think they have played their Parts sufficiently already; I have walked 'em out, shewed 'em to the Company, and raised your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em baited, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. Bayes, now you have been at such Expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone thro' with 'em,

Bayes. I'gad, so it had; And then I tell you another thing, 'tis not ev'ry one that reads a Poem thro'. And therefore I fill the first Part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then, I'gad, sink by degrees, 'till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep servilely after the old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad I won't.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. Bayes! there's no body doubts that! You have a most particular Genius that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. Johnson, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a Cap with a Top-knot?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-house.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was othes Day at Will's throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the Hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a Dozen of 'em for my Friends. I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept of it, Mr. Johnson?

Johns.

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw them. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into Hol-land, and contrive their Emblems; but hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Busines, and here I'll give you a delicate Description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a Wolf, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to it, and call it a *Celtick Wood*. Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the French Persecution, and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the French King, and shew that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,

Yawning and lolling with a carelesse beast; p. 15.
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,
And blew the Bellows and sturr'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and cou'd not on a sudden
Knead up with unskimm'd Milk this reas'ning Pudding:

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay,
Confessing still the softness of its Clay.
And kind as Milk-maids on their Wedding-day,

Till Pride of Empire, Lust, and hot Desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And understanding grown, misunderstood,
Burn'd him to th' Pot, and scour'd his curdled Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little profane, Mr Bayes:

Bayes. Not at all; Does not *Vigil* bring in his good
Vulcan working at the Anvil?

Johns.

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitter
to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly dirty
Blacksmith? 'Gad you make it profane indeed. I'll tell you
there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt
my Man and Milton's. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot
thickens, here comes my t'other Mouse, the City Mouse.

A spotted Mouse, the prettiest next the white, p. 16.
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,
With Phylacteries on her Forehead spread, p. 23.
Crozier in Hand, and Mitre on her Head, p. 22.
Three Steeples Argent on her sable Shield, p. 84.
Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Field.

Johns. This is a Glorious Mouse indeed! but as you
have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be Jew, Pa-
pist, or Protestant.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. Johnson, for that;
you take it right. She is a meer Babel of Religions, and
therefore she's a spotted Mouse here, and will be a Mule
presently. But to go on.

This Princess —————

Smith. What Princess, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why this Mouse; for I forgot to tell you, an
Old Lyon made a left Hand Marriage with her Mother,
and begot on her body Elizabeth Schism, who was married
to Timothy Sacrilege, and had Issue Graceless Heresy. Who
all give the same Coat with their Mother, three Steeples
Argent, as I told you before. p. 10.

This Princess, the estrang'd from what was best,
Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least. p. 23.
There's Deform'd Re as good I'gad as ever was,

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, p. 12
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchantis above,
And grubb'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any Body else
 that can shew you such another. Here now have I one
 damnable, severe, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime
 to it; can you help me, Mr. Johnson?

She —————

- *Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,*
- *Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for some.*

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, p. 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of your
 Friends, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring
 my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel
 on a whole Party, sheer-Point and Satire all through, I'gad:
 Called 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could
 think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit, that I must
 needs say. Now it happened before I could finish this
 Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those Peo-
 ple were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now;
 Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends! 'Tis
 not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But
 what do Me, I but write a smooth, delicate Preface,
 wherein I tell them that *the Satire was not intended to*
them, and this did the Business!

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against
 whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! there's the Trick on't: Poor Fools, they
 took it, and were satisfied: And yet it mauld 'em dam-
 ably, I'gad.

Smith.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. Bayes, there's this very Contrivance in the Preface to Dear *Joy's Fests.**

Bayes. What a devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. Smith, there is as good Morality, and as sound Precepts, in the *Delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author cou'd I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But pr'ythee, Mr. Smith, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Ev'ning, when she went away from Court,
Levee's and Couchee's past without resort. p. 29.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a Turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shadœus.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind here the two Mice meet;

She met the Country Mouse, whose fearful Face
Beheld from far the common was'ring Place,
Nor durst approach —————— p. 29.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, this *Mouse* is strangely alter'd since she fear'd no danger.

Bayes. Gadsokers! why no more she does not yet, fear either Man, or Beast: But poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful Rose
The Sov'reign Lion bad her fear no more. p. 30.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she fear'd no Danger; and I'gad if you will have no va-

* i. e. Teagueland-*Fests*: or, Bogg-Witticisms. 12mo.

riation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well but to proceed,

But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heav'nly Hus! p. 30.
Here now to shew you I am Master of Stiles, I let my self down from the Majesty of Virgil to the Sweetness of Ovid.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her heav'nly Hus!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for the Ladies: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewn Fellow as Milson, that a Man must sweat to read him; I'gad you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse, who saw the Viceroy come:
So far to see her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty Name now for the spotted Mouse, the Viceroy.

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her so.

Bayes. Why? Because it sounds prettily:
I'll call her the Crown-General presently, If I've a mind to it. Well. p. 55.

— did invite her Home
To smoke a Pipe, and o'er a sober Pot
Discourse of Oates and Bedloe, and the Plot.
She made a Curt'sy, like a Civil Dame, p. 51
And, being much a Gentlewoman, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my First Part finish'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the Majestic turn of heroic Poesy. The rest being master of Dispute, I had not such frequent occasion for the magnificence of Verse, tho' I'gad they speak very well. And I have heard Men, and considerable Men too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse. p. 52.

Johns. Nay, without doubt, Mr. Bayes, they have receiv'd no small advantage from the smoothness of your Numbers. Bayes,

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things my self, but 'tis the advantage of our Coffee-house, that from their talk one may write a very good Polemical Discourse, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controversy*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any London Divine in the Face. Indeed, your knotty Reasonings with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but I'gad, I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments; than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm mistaken: And pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious *City-Mouse*, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Dame, said the *Lady of the Spotted Muff*, p. 32.

Methinks your *Tiff* is sour, your *Cates* meer stuff.
There, did I not tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoke;
And the weed worse than e'er *Tom Farvis* took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (*she's earnest you see) this hoary *Shed* and lonely *Hills*,

And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoke at *Will's*.

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging shelf,

When at *Pontack's* he may Regale himself?

Or to the House of cleanly *Rheubarb* go:

Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel Row*?

* *Poeta loquitur.*

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent
the Vanity of a Town Fop, who pretends to be acquainted
at all those good Houses, though perhaps he ne'er was in
'em. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,
Champaign our Liquor and Ragout's our Meat,
Then hand in hand we'll go to Court, dear Cuz,
To visit Bishop Martin, and King Buz.
With Eu'ning Wheels we'll drive about the Park,
Finish at Locker's and reel home i'th' dark.
Break clatt'ting Windows and demolish Doors
Of English Manufactures—Pimps, and Whores. p. 63.

Johns. Methinks a Pimp or a Whore, is an odd sort of
a Manufacture, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I call 'em so to give the Parliament a hint not
to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the Decay of
Trade at Home.

With these Allurements Spotted did invite
From Hermit's Cell, the Female Proselylete.
Oh! With what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.

Now would not you think she's going? I'gad, you're
mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument about Infalli-
bility, before she stirs yet.

But here the White, by observation wise, p. 96.
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
Lest therefore we should stray, and not go right
Thro' the brown horror of the starless Night;
Hast thou Infallibility, that Wight? p. 37.
Sternly the Savage grinn'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, said the immortal Dame,
There is a Guide—'Gad I've forgot his Name, p. 37.

Who

Who lives in Heaven or Rome, the Lord knows where,
Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
But hark you, Sister, this is but a Whim;
For still we want a Guide to find out Him.‡

Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on the Narration, but write *White* speaks, or *Dapple* speaks by the side. But when I get any noble Thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my own Person with a *Poeta Loquitur*†; which take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my writings, than a Hand in the Margin any where else. Well now says *White*,

What need we find Him? we have certain proof
That he is some where, *Dame*, and that's enough:
For if there is a Guide that knows the way,
Akho' we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I'gad: Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for her self, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two Ways, either about *Emission* or *Reception* of Light*, or else about *Epsom-Waters*, but I think the last most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the School,
If Waters pass by Urine or by Stool.
Shall we who are Philosophers, thence gather
From this dissension that they work by neither?
And I'gad, she is in the right on't; but mind now, she comes upon her swop!
All this I did your Arguments to try.

And I'gad if they had been never so good, this next line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, that Guide am I. p. 54-

‡ Spotted-Mouse, *Loquitur*. † p. 69. * p. 37.

There's a surprize for you now! How sneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a Guide first, and then tell her she was one? who could have thought that this little *Mouse* had the *Pops* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now *Dapple* had nothing to say to this; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your cracking Tricks, and as they say,
Use not, that Barber that trims Time, Delay; p. 101.

Which I'gad is new, and my own.
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, and since an Hour of Talk
Might cut a Banter on the tedious Walk;

As I remember said the sober Mouse,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-house*.

Thither, says *Krindle*, thou shalt go, and see
Priests sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;

Here rugged *Freeze*, there, *Quality* well dress'd,
These baffling the *Grand Seignior*; those the *Tess*.

And here shrewd guesses made, and reasons given
That Human Laws were never made in Heaven, p. 111.

But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast delight;

Is the Poetic Judge of sacred *Wit*,

Who do's i'th' darkness of his glory sit.

And as the Moon who first receives the light,

p. 28.

With which she makes these nether Regions bright;

So does he shine reflecting from afar,

The Rays he borrowed from a better Star:

For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the Scribbling Herd below.

From *French Tradition* while he does dispense,

Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism a damn'd Offence,
To question his, or trust your private Sense.

Hah! is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? I'gad forgive me,
he is fast asleep! O the damned stupidity of this Age!
asleep! Well, Sir, since you're so drowsy, your humble
Servant.

Johns.

Johns. Nay, pray Mr. Bayes, Faith I heard you all the while. *The White Mouse.*

Bayes. The White *Mouse!* ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

Johns. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late last Night, Pr'ythee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin here; mind now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Picadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back,
And slipping thro' the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poetry, many a young *Templar* will save his Shilling by this Stratagem of my *Mice*.

Smith. Why, will any young *Templar* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty Natural for a *Mouse*.

Thence to the Devil and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of Clergy kind, or Counsellor *Chough* was there;
Or Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown, p. 133.
By his high Crop, and corny Gizzard known; p. 126.
Or Sister *Partlet*, with the hooded head;
No, Sir, She's booted hence, said *Will*, and fled. p. 130.
Why so? Because she would not pray a-Bed:

Johns. [Aside.] 'Sdeath! who can keep awake at such Ruff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnson*, how d'ye like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a Person of Honour for looking over a Paper of Verses; and indeed, I put in all the Lines that were worth any thing, in the whole Poem. Well but where were we? Oh! here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my *White* takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the Place where *Johnson* sat we climb,
 Leaning on the same rail that guided him ;
 And whilst we thus on equal Helps rely,
 Our Wit must be as true, our Thoughts as high;
 For as an Author happily compares P. 45.
Tradition to a well fixt pair of *Stairs*,
 So this the *Scala Santa* we believe,
 By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
 Thus ev'ry step I take, my Spirits soar,
 And I grow more a *Wit*, and more and more.

There's Humour ! Is not that the liveliest Image in the world of a *Mouse*'s going up a pair of *Stairs*. *More a Wit, and more, and more ?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*. I beg your Pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Gadsookers ! sure you won't serve me so : All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary Concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more; and here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why the Excellence of a *Fable* is in the Length of it. *Aesop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry Moral at the End of 'em; and could not form any noble Design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are satisfied with Beasts in the first Course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second ; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular Person ; for I'gad, I'll tell you what a Trick he served me. I was once translating a very good French

Author,

Author*, but being something long about it; as you know a Man is not always in the Humour, what does this Jack do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finisht the Translation: So there were three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all World know, that he is a tall, broadback'd, lusfy Fellow, of a brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a fluent Tongue, and taking amongst the Women; ‡ and to top it all, that he's much a Scholar, more a Wit, and owns but two Sacraments. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides I have so nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split. I call him --- I'gad, I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why, that he was much a Scholar, and more a Wit.

Bayes. Right, and his Name is Buzzard, ha!ha!ha!

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter. There's a pretty Device, Mr. Johnson, I learned it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's Amiable; and if you cou'd but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you shou'd see how little Bayes would top 'em all at it I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good faith, Mr. Bayes, I must leave you, I'm half an Hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-nest; and here are three hundred more, translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the Spotted Mouse gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the Czar of Muscovy, and the Emperor, which is a piece of News White does not

* Varillas. ‡ Pref. to *Hind and Panther*, p. 137.

believe; and this is her Answer. I am resolved you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove Oral Tradition better than Scripture. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had had any Bibles at all.

Ere that Gazette was printed, said the *White*, p. 50.
Our Robin told another Story quite;
 This Oral Truth more safely I believ'd,
 My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
 By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
 And Preaching's best, if understood, or no.

Words, I confess, bound by, and trip so light, p. 3.
 We have no time to take a steady sight;
 Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when Writ,
 To long Examination they submit.

Hard things — Mr. *Smith*, if these two Lines don't recompense your Stay, ne'er trust *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the first blush are clear and full,
 God mends on second Thoughts, but Man grows dull. p. 15.

I'gad, I judge of all Men by my self, 'tis so with me,
 I never strove to be very exact in any thing but I spoiled it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general Reflexions are daring, and favour most of a nob'e Genius, that spares neither Friend or Foe.

Johns. Are you never afraid of a Drubbing for that daring of your noble Genius?

Bayes. Afraid! why Lord you make so much of a Beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, If I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em ev'n lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er balk my Fancy to save my Carcase. Well, but we must dispatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus

Thus did they merrily carouse all Day,
And like the gaudy Fly, their Wings displays
And sip the Sweets, and bask in great Apollo's Ray.

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment, and Mr. Smith,
if your Affairs would have permitted, you wou'd have
heard the best Bill of Fare that ever was serv'd up in Ho-
noicks: But here follows a Dispute shall recommend it self,
I'll say nothing for it. For Dapple, who you must know
was a Protestant, all this while trusts her own Judgment,
and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our Inno-
cent does so run her down, that she has not one Word to
say for herself, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad
you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she
has disobliged me, like an Ingrate.

Sirrah, says Brindle, thou hast brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says Will, all Gentlemen like it; ah! says White,
What is approv'd by them must needs be right.
Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House p. 28.
Command it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Mind that, mind the Decorum and Diference, which
our Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to the Catholic Consent oppose
My erring Judgment and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up to the Hilt,
I'gad, and you shall see Dapple resents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes?
Must I drink Stum because the Rascal lies?
And palms upon us Catholic Consent,
To give sophisticated Brewings vent.
Says White, what ancient Evidence can sway, p. 3.
If you must argue thus, and not obey?

*Drawers must be trusted, thro' whose Hands convey'd,
You take the Liquor, or you spoil the Trade.
For sure those Honest Fellows have no knack,
Of putting of sum'd Claret for Pontac.
How long, alas! wou'd the poor Vintner last,
If all that drink must judge, and ev'ry Guest
Be allowed to have an understanding Taste?
Thus she: Nor could the Panther well enlarge,
With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.*

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted, which
is such a Blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they
will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a weary Yawn that shew'd her pride,
Said, *Spotless* was a Villain, and she ly'd.
White saw her canker'd Malice at that Word,
And said her Pray'rs, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
T'other ery'd *Murther*, and her Rage restrain'd:
And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
But now alas! —

Mr. Johnson, pray mind me this; Mr. Smith, I'll ask
you to stay no longer, for this that follows is so en-
gaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go away af-
terwards if you can.

But now, alas! I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad Mischance these pretty things befel.
These Birds of Beasts —

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'Tis the
greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it,
Beast of a Bird: and a *Beast* is so fond of being called a
Bird, as you can't imagine. p. 129.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were separated banish'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay,

Ay, who indeed? there's a *Pathos*, I'gad Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you: But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarmed by this Noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And speaking to the *Watch* with Head aside, p. 135.
Said, desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd.
These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once the *Butt and Peace*. p. 115.
When each have sep'reate Int'rests of their own, p. 144.
Two Mice are One too many for a Town.
By *Schism* they are torn, and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to One, and I'll secure the t'Other.
Now whether *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Or in the Stocks all Night her Fingers blow, p. 98.
Or in the Compter lay, concerns not us to know.
But the immortal Matron, spotless White,
Forgetting *Dapple*'s Rudeness, Malice, Spite,
Look'd kindly back, and wept and said *Good-night*.
Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this *Mouse*, p. 145.
With Bills and Halberds, to her *Country-House*.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too, I'gad.----

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay?
Bayes. Why a Pox, are you in such haste? You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. O! extremely well. Here, Drawer.

[Exeunt.

F I N I S.



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